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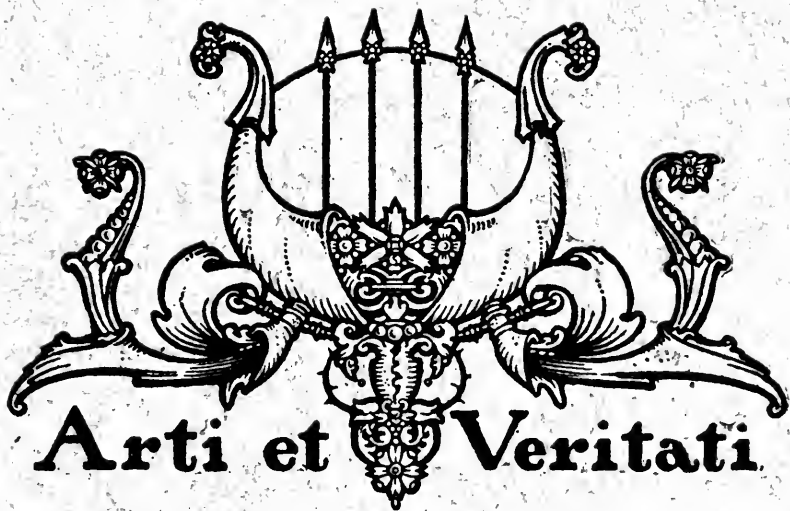
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The Grandfather, by Galdos

Poet Lore

A Magazine of Letters

Summer Number



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Poet Lore

VOLUME XXI

MAY-JUNE

NUMBER III

THE GRANDFATHER *

(Drama in Five Acts)

BY PEREZ GALDÓS

(Given for the first time in the Teatro Español, February 14, 1904)

Translated from the Spanish by Elizabeth Wallace

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

DON RODRIGO DE ARISTA-POTESTAD, Count of Albrit

DOLLY (Dorotea) } his grand-daughters
NELL (Leonora) }

LUCRETIA, Countess of Láin, daughter in law to the count, and mother
of Nell and Dolly

VENANCIO, former tenant of Albrit and owner of 'La Pardina'

GREGORIA, his wife

DON PÍO CORONADO, tutor to the girls

SENÉN, former servant of Láin, later an official

The Priest. (DON CARMELO)

The Doctor. (SALVADOR ANGULO)

The Mayor. (DON JOSÉ MONEDERO)

(The action takes place in a city by the sea, in northern Spain, called for convenience Jerusa. The principal scenes of the play take place in La Pardina, the lordly domain which once belonged to the Counts of Albrit. Time, nineteenth century.)

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(A shady grove in the lordly domain called La Pardina. In the background a broad avenue, which is the main road leading from the grounds at the right, the porch of the house is very ancient, of venerable and noble architecture, bearing the coat of arms of Laín and Potestad: on the left a cypress hedge broken by a rustic gate through which can be seen an orchard. Great trees shade the scene with heavy arching foliage. Near the porch a round stone table, chairs, and rustic benches. It is daytime. Summer)

SCENE I

*Gregoria (emptying flowers and plants from a basket, and heaping them on the table. VENANCIO comes in from the back).—*Venancio! Here you are at last!

*Venancio (out of breath, wiping the perspiration from his forehead).—*Brr! It's hot!

*Gregoria.—*Rest awhile. *(With curiosity.)* And what have you found out? Is it true what they say? Is the countess really coming to Jerusa?

*Venancio (with ill humor).—*Yes. Did you ever know bad news that didn't come true?

*Gregoria (anxiously).—*And when does she come?

*Venancio.—*To-day. But don't worry. She'll put up at the mayor's house.

*Gregoria.—*That's better. But—if the count should come too, it would be a case of mixing fire and water. I wonder if they come at the same time by chance, or if they have planned this meeting to talk over family matters. Because the death of the young count must have mixed up things a good deal.

*Venancio.—*What do I know about it? The Countess Lucretia comes for the same reason she always does, to get a glimpse of her daughters.

*Gregoria.—*Oh! She's a gay one! She keeps them here in this out of the way place so that she can have a good time and carry on as she pleases in wicked Paris or wicked England. Gad-about! That's what she is, Venancio. I can easily understand why her father in law, the Count of Albrit, who is one of the finest gentlemen of Spain, and every one knows it, should hate this good for nothing foreigner with whom the young count fell so madly in love, peace be to his soul! What I don't understand is why the old count should come here when he knows he'll have to run into her. Perhaps he doesn't know it? What do you think?

*Venancio (turning over the flowers in the basket).—*I think that they both have their claws sharpened—yes, I believe that. We'll see the hair

flying soon, both white and red, and there'll be scratching too, for if the Count Don Rodrigo loves his daughter in law as though she were the toothache, she entertains the same sentiments for him.

Gregoria.—Of course we'll have to lodge the count.

Venancio.—And feed him too, that's sure!


Gregoria.—Every one knows that he didn't bring back from America the yellow dust he went to find.

Venancio.—No he didn't bring back anything but his skin. When he went out there he had already lost all his fortune. He hoped to make another from the gold mines left to him by his grandfather—the one who was viceroy. But they gave him only promises, and he has come back poor as a rat, sick, half blind, with nothing to his account but his years, and he has more than seventy of those. Then his son had to die, and he had planned such a great future for him!

Gregoria.—Poor old gentleman! Venancio, we'll have to help him.

Venancio.—Yes, yes. We can't have people saying that we're heathen. But who would have thought of it! Us, Gregoria, giving food to the great, the powerful Count of Albrit, who has a whole string of kings and princes for ancestors, who less than twenty years ago owned the whole of Lain, Jerusa, and Polán! Don't tell me the world doesn't move.

Gregoria.—I've just thought of why the count is coming to see his grand-daughters. I have it, Venancio. He feels the need of some affection that will console his lonely soul.

 *Venancio.*—Maybe. (*Remembering.*) Do you know who can tell us a thing or two about this queer business? Senén.

Gregoria.—He arrived in Jerusa yesterday. The girls told me that they had seen him and that he's become quite a gentleman.

Venancio.—A state official—a functionary they call him now. He was a servant of the countess, who, to reward him for his faithful services, has given him recommendations, and pushed his interests.

Gregoria.—They say that she protects him, because he was a sort of go-between for her and her——

Venancio.—Careful, Gregoria.

Gregoria.—Et cetera—in her little love affairs. But it's a fact that every time the countess comes here she has Senén in tow. Now she's sending a letter of introduction to so and so; now it's the card to the sheriff; now it's the note to the minister, or to the devil himself, for all I know.

Venancio.—Senén is clever: he can go through the eye of a needle.

Gregoria (*quickly*).—I think I hear his voice.

Venancio.—Yes, you're right (*looking in background*). There he goes—

gossiping with José Maria. Well, he's slow! And he was to tell me——

Gregoria.—Call him! (*They go back.*)

Venancio (calling).—Senén, hello there, Senén!

Gregoria (impatiently).—He pays no attention. What a stupid! Go and get him, for heaven's sake. (*Venancio goes out, GREGORIA remains in the background, her back to the audience. DOLLY and NELL appear coming from the orchard. They don't want VENANCIO and GREGORIA to see them. They come in on tiptoe. DOLLY goes ahead as though exploring.*)

SCENE II

Nell.—Be careful, Dolly—if they see us.

Dolly.—They'll make us go into the house.

Nell (in a low tone).—Say, can't we go into the grove through the court yard?

Dolly.—It would be better to go by the avenue.

Nell.—But these idiots will cut off our way.

Dolly.—Wait a minute.

Nell (looking at GREGORIA).—If they should go ——

Dolly (who has gone on ahead exploring, turning back frightened).—They're coming!

Nell.—Let's run back! (*They run quickly to the orchard.*)

Dolly.—This way. Let's go to the pond.

Nell.—Yes, as far away as we can. (*They exit left.*)

SCENE III

(GREGORIA, VENANCIO, SENÉN)

Venancio (leading Senén in by the arm).—You rascal, you were trying to get away from me!

Gregoria.—So here you are, at last.

Senén.—My cousin was keeping me with stories about the way his mother in law abuses him.—Hello, Gregoria! Good looking as ever!

Gregoria. And how fine you look. What kind of perfumery do you use? It smells good. You've become a regular swell.

Senén.—One has to put on some style. One owes it to one's position.

Venancio (impatiently).—Well, what's the news?

Senén.—The countess will arrive at Láin by the twelve-five train. I've had a telegram. I've just taken it to the mayor, who didn't know when she was coming.

Venancio.—The town will give her a big reception.

Senén.—An enthusiastic ovation. (*He is careful to use elegant language.*) It would be a sad thing indeed if proper honors were not rendered to the illustrious lady by whose influence Jerusa has obtained a telegraph station, the new high road to Forbés, not to mention the two pardons granted to——

Gregoria.—Oh, yes, it's all right to have a celebration ——

Venancio.—And what about the count?

Senén.—His lordship was to reach Polan last night or this morning, by the first train, so that I don't understand, my dear Venancio, why he isn't here already.

Venancio.—Nor I neither, Senén. You who know everything, you who have lived in the bosom of the family; you know its customs, how every one thinks; its dissensions and its quarrels. Tell us, are Don Rodrigo and his daughter in law meeting here by chance, or could it be that——

Senén (*giving himself an air of importance*).—It's known to me that the old Albrit who, since the death of his son until now, has not budged from Valencia, wrote to the countess ——

Venancio (*laughing*).—Asking her for money.

Senén.—Man alive, no. He proposed an interview with the countess in order to speak of some very serious matters.

Gregoria.—Family affairs. And since the countess does not want to have any altercations in Madrid, since there might be a scandal there and everybody know about it—it might even get into the newspapers—she proposed this out of the way place where we live like Simple Simons, and if there is an outbreak it will keep quiet, and they can wash their dirty linen in the house. What do you think of that, my fine gentleman? Don't you see I know a thing or two?

Venancio.—My wife is no fool.

Senén (*smiling and gallant*).—She knows Greek and Latin; she's a talented lady.

Gregoria.—We will see, my boy. Why don't you tell us why the widowed countess and the grandfather like each other so little? You know all about it. It must be a long story. Is everything they say about your former mistress true? Tell us.

Senén (*emphatically*). Permit me, my dear friends, to say no harm of my benefactress. All I can say to you is that she has a tender heart, and is frank and generous, even to excess. She makes no pretensions to virtues she does not possess. She is unconventional, but she is sorry for the poor and she consoles the afflicted. And as for culture, there is

no one like her. She speaks four languages, and in each one of them she knows how to be charming and fascinating.

Venancio.—All those languages, and as many more that she might know would not be enough in which to tell the scandals that are told of her in simple Spanish.

Gregoria.—Don't let's wait any longer, Venancio, for if the count comes we have got to think about arranging for his lodging.

Senén (remembering with anxiety and some disgust something which he has forgotten).—Dear me, dear me, what a head I have, Lord, what a head!

Venancio.—What's the matter?

Senén.—With all this gossip I forgot the message from the mayor.

Gregoria.—For us?

Senén.—Yes; that you should take the children to him immediately so that the countess should see them as soon as she arrives.

Venancio.—Of course; then she will dine there.

Senén.—Are they having their lessons?

Gregoria.—No, to-day their lessons were very short. That poor Don Pío had to dismiss the class because they have sent word to him that his own daughters were quarrelling again.

Venancio.—They are probably in the orchard.

Gregoria.—No.

Venancio (going towards left).—Let's see.

Gregoria.—No, they are not there. I was in the orchard all morning. They must be up on the hill, as that is their favorite walk. (*She points to the right.*)

Venancio.—You must hurry and find them.

Senén.—If you would like I will go. Don't they know yet that their mamma is coming to-day?

Gregoria. No, they don't know it. Poor little girls!

Senén.—Then I will tell them. I will go now.

Venancio.—You will surely find them in the upper woods on the path to Polán.

Gregoria (taking up her basket of flowers).—Go, and bring them back quickly.

Venancio.—And we will be in the house.

Gregoria.—Yes, as it is getting late and we have got to get ready.

Senén.—Good by, then. (*He goes out back.*)

Venancio (seeing him going).—He is a gay bird!

Gregoria.—Oh, he isn't a bad sort.

(*Venancio picks up another basket and gathers the flowers that are left upon the table, placing them in it, and they both go into the house.*)

SCENE IV

(*NELL and DOLLY appear in the gateway and await the disappearance of GREGORIA and VENANCIO before they come out front.*)

Nell.—Thank heaven, that they left us a free field.

Dolly.—What shall we do? Shall we go to the woods?

Nell.—Oh, dear, no, I am tired. (*She sits down on the ground.*)

Dolly.—And I am tired of being still. I feel like running. (*She runs and jumps, going up and down stage.*)

Nell.—You never get tired, Dolly.

Dolly.—I would like this very minute to climb that big oak and go out on the very highest branch.

Nell.—You would tear your dress.

Dolly.—I would sew it again. I know how to sew as well as you do. What shall I climb?

Nell.—Oh, that isn't proper. One would say that we were village children.

Dolly (hanging from a branch, swinging back and forth).—To be one of the village children, or seem like one of them, do you think that would make any difference to me? Tell me, Nell, would you go barefoot?

Nell.—No, indeed.

Dolly.—I would and I would laugh at the shoemakers. What are you doing? (*Seeing that NELL has seated herself and taken out a book.*)

Nell.—I want to go over my history lesson. We have played enough. Let's study a little now. Remember, Dolly, Don Pío told you yesterday that you don't know one bit of ancient or modern history, and in a very polite way he called you an idiot.

Dolly.—He is an idiot himself. I know one thing better than he does. I know that I don't know anything, and Don Pío doesn't know that he doesn't know anything.

Nell.—That is true, but we ought to study some, if for no other reason than to see how teacher will look when we answer well. He is a dear, simple soul. Come on, now, let's study a little. Do you know, there's an awful string of those Gothic kings?

Dolly (letting the branch fly back).—What do I care about them? There're about a million of them and they have names that prick like thorns when you try to remember them.

Nell.—There is not one of them so disgusting and unpleasant as that Mr. Mauregato.

Dolly.—Oh, he was a brute! (*She sits down beside her sister.*)

Nell.—I should say he was. They had to give him a hundred maidens each year in order to keep him from getting angry.

Dolly.—Because he was on a diet, as Don Carmelo says. The truth is that this horrid history gives us a thousand details which are of no importance to me at all.

Nell.—But, Dolly dear, education; don't you want to be educated?

Dolly.—Well, the truth is that I am disgusted with education since I have seen how it has affected Senén. Do you remember when he was here two months ago thinking that mamma was coming?

Nell.—Yes, and all the time he was harping on the middle ages and heaven knows what else.

Dolly.—What have we to do with the middle ages or anything of that sort, and what difference does it make to us whether Cleopatra had the toothache or not?

Nell.—Or that Doña Urraca was pricked with thistles?

Dolly.—But after all we must learn something, since mamma in all her letters tells us that we must learn, that we must be dilligent.

Nell.—Mamma idolizes us, but she never takes us with her (*sadly*). I wonder why!

Dolly.—Because, because,—she has already told us. Because we were so delicate when we were little that she wants us to get strong in the country air.

Nell.—Mamma always knows what she is doing. Surely she will take us with her when we are a little older. But here we are wasting time chattering and we haven't studied a single word.

Dolly.—Oh, it is such a beautiful day.

Nell (*giving the history book to her sister*).—Take it. Read out loud, and then we can both learn at the same time.

Dolly (*takes the book and jumps up*).—Give it to me here. Do you know what I have just thought of? That the birds ought to learn too. We oughtn't to be selfish about it. (*She throws the book up into the air. The book describes a curve and falls open on a branch.*)

Nell.—What are you doing, you little fool?

Dolly.—You see what I am doing.

Nell.—Well, you have done it. How are we going to get it now?

Dolly.—We don't have to get it. The birds will learn what was done to Alexander the Great and to Mr. Attila, and to Muza the Moor.

Nell.—You have gone crazy. If only some little boy would come along we could get him to climb up and get it.

Dolly (*going over to the tree as though to climb it*).—I will climb up.

Nell (pulling her by the skirt).—No, no, you may hurt yourself.

Dolly.—Wait a minute; I will throw stones and see if I cannot knock it down.

Nell.—There is a little wind; perhaps the book will fly.

Dolly.—Oh no, it is too heavy (throwing stones). Come down here, tumble down, little book!

Nell (hearing steps).—That is enough, Dolly, somebody's coming. You ought to be ashamed. They will say you are a village tomboy.

Dolly.—I don't care.

Nell.—Hush! (Looking back.) There comes a gentleman. A man, look, look! (*The Count of Albrit appears at the end of the avenue, walking slowly.*)

Dolly.—I don't see him.

Nell.—Look at him; he stopped to look at us and he is standing as still as a statue. See! he is looking straight at us. (*The count stands immovable in the background, looking at them.*)

SCENE V

(*NELL, DOLLY, and the COUNT of ALBRIT. He is a handsome and noble old man; with long white beard, and large frame slightly bowed. He wears a rather shabby traveling suit. He has thick boots and he leans on a gnarled cane. He shows in every line the unhappy ruin of a distinguished personality.*)

Nell (looking at him with fear).—He is a poor old man! Why does he look at us that way? Is he going to hurt us? Do you know, I am really afraid.

Dolly.—So am I. Perhaps he is a beggar.

Nell.—If we had some pennies we would give them to him. He doesn't move.

Dolly.—He is looking at us so queerly.

Nell.—Let's speak to him. You speak to him. Say to him, "Mr. Beggar——"

Dolly.—He isn't a beggar! He looks much better than that! O Nell, I know who it is!

Nell.—And I too. I have seen him somewhere. (*Seeing that the count takes a few steps towards them.*) Oh, oh, he is coming this way; he holds out his hands to us. (*The two come close together, as though to protect each other.*)

Dolly.—And he seems to be crying, poor gentleman.

Count (with a grave voice, coming forward).—My dear children, do not be afraid of me. Are you Leonora and Dorotea?

Nell.—Yes, sir. Those are our names.

Count (coming up to them).—Then embrace me; I am your grandfather. Don't you know me? Alas! years have passed since you saw me the last time. Then you were little bits of things and so pretty. How well I remember your cunning ways! (*He embraces them and kisses them on the forehead.*)

Dolly.—Dear grandfather!

Nell.—I was just saying, I know him.

Dolly.—We knew you by your photograph.

Count.—And I knew you by your voices. I don't know what there is in the quality of your little voices that touched my heart, and why is it, I wonder, that the two sound like one? Let me look at you closely. Are your faces as much alike as are your voices? (*Looking at their faces closely.*) Children, I am almost blind.

Nell.—Do you know, grandfather dear, we were afraid of you.

Count.—Afraid of me, who love you?

Dolly.—Senén told us last night that you were coming, but we didn't know you were coming so soon.

Nell.—Why didn't you come in the Polán coach?

Count.—I preferred to come on foot, supported by this stick; walking slowly and thinking of old times. Ah, I know all the roads and paths of this country; the rocks, the trees, the hills all know me well. Even the birds seem to be the same that I knew when I was a boy. I was nursed amidst this beautiful nature. What a joy it is, and what a pain, to live again in my past! It seems as though everything about me saw me and recognized me, and as though everything, from the great sea to the tiniest insect, everything that lives, is standing, waiting, I scarcely know how to say it, is stopping and looking to see the unhappy Count of Albrit pass by. (*The two girls sigh.*)

Dolly.—Lean on my arm, grandfather dear. (*Each one takes one of his arms.*)

Nell.—And let us go into the house.

Count (with deep emotion).—Ah, now I am again in the Pardina. Oh, infinite sadness, bitterest irony of things!

(*He remains standing in a state of ecstasy, as though moved by inward prayer.*)

SCENE VI

(*The COUNT, NELL, and DOLLY. SENÉN coming in hurriedly from the background.*)

Senén. The count here! And with the children! And I looking for them everywhere in the hill. Welcome, Count of Albrit, to the home of your ancestors. What a handsome picture your lordship makes between those two little angels.

Count.—Who is speaking to me?

Nell.—It is Senén, grandpapa.

Dolly.—Don't you remember?

Senén.—Senén Corchado. He who was — and I am not ashamed to say it — the servant of the Count of Laín.

Count (joyfully).—Oh, yes, yes. You say you were, you are still! I am glad to meet you here.

Senén.—I come from Durante where I have a position, to offer my respects to your excellency and to the Countess of Laín, who is also to arrive to-day.

Nell.—Is mamma coming?

(*Both girls drop the count's arm and jump about joyfully.*)

Dolly.—Joy, what joy!

Nell.—Why, we didn't know anything about it. Did you know it, grandfather dear?

Count (thoughtfully).—Yes.

Dolly (taking again the count's arm).—Come, let's go quickly.

Nell (anxiously).—We will have to dress up.

Senén.—The young ladies are to go to the house of the mayor to await there the coming of their mamma, and I will hasten to Venancio, to tell him to come out to receive your lordship. (*He goes hastily into the house.*)

Nell.—But is mamma going to the mayor's house?

Count.—So it seems.

Dolly.—Why doesn't she come to the Pardina with us?

Count.—This old barracks would not be grand enough to suit your mother.

SCENE VII

(*The COUNT, NELL, DOLLY, VENANCIO, GREGORIA, and SENÉN*)

Venancio (humbly kissing the count's hand).—Oh, your lordship! and you didn't let us know, so that we could come out and receive you.

Gregoria (*kissing his hand*).—Welcome to your lordship.

Venancio.—And may you enter your house with blessings.

Count (*with lordly kindness*).—Thanks, thanks, my good Venancio, my faithful Gregoria. I am glad to see you looking so well. I say, “see you” (*looking at them attentively*), but I don’t see anything very well unless it is large.

Venancio.—Will your lordship come in?

Count.—No, wait. I will rest here. (*They bring him a rustic chair; he sits down; they group around him.*) Let me feel again and be refreshed again, by ancient friendships (*looking at the foliage which surrounds him*). Here I am again in the midst of these ancient trees which used to shade the plays of my childhood. You are older than I, much older. But time does not diminish your greatness nor your beauty. The generations which have grown in your shadow pass away and die, but you, immovable, see us pass, fall, and die. (*He falls into meditation. They all sigh.*)

Gregoria.—My lord, I do not forget that you are very fond of good coffee. I will go and make some immediately.

Nell.—And serve it to him here.

Dolly.—Yes, yes, hurry!

Gregoria.—I am going. (*She enters the house.*)

Senén.—Too bad we didn’t know beforehand that the count was coming. The town would have prepared a fine welcome for him.

Count.—For me! Jerusa?

Senén.—We would have had music, the band. We would have had green arches, and the council would have invited your lordship.

Count (*with bitterness*).—I know the kind of homage which, when I deserved it, and was in a position to receive it, was given to me. Yes, I know it. But to-day it would seem but a cruel mockery. Before I was as old and as poor as I am to-day I had the opportunity of appreciating the ingratitude of my compatriots, the inhabitants of Jerusa. Twenty years ago, the last time that I was here, the tenants who had succeeded in becoming, heaven knows how, the owners of my lands, the parvenu gentlemen, children of my cooks or of my stable boys, received me with cold disdain, and this filled me with sadness and bitterness. They told me that the town had become civilized. It was a mushroom civilization, and as poor a fit as the frock coat which the yokel buys in a ready-made shop.

Nell.—Grandfather dear, your town doesn’t forget the benefits it has received from you.

Dolly.—Of course it doesn’t. The principal street of Jerusa is called De Potestad.

Venancio.—The fountain near the church is called the Fountain of the Good Count.

Senén (emphatically).—And to prove that it isn't fair to accuse Jerusa of the sin of ingratitude we have to-day an eloquent proof, your lordship.

Count.—What?

Venancio.—Having known in time of the arrival of the Countess of Lain, there will be an enthusiastic reception for her.

Nell.—Truly?

Senén.—Which will correspond in a measure to what we owe to a person who has done so much for the prosperity of this town. The mayor will go out to meet her.

Count.—And they will have fireworks. Yes, it's all very characteristic.

Dolly.—Music, fireworks! Oh what fun.

Count.—Yes, yes, you'll see it all. You'll enjoy it very much.

Nell.—Will you come too, grandfather?

Count.—I?

Dolly.—Why not?

Nell.—Don't you want to see mamma?

Count.—Here in the Pardina I shall have the pleasure of seeing her.

Venancio.—It's because his lordship does not like to go down into the town. Isn't that so, your lordship?

Count.—Yes.

Senén.—And would you not like to see and admire the improvements which have been accomplished in the last few years?

Count (humorously alluding to his blindness).—I would much rather see them than admire them.

Venancio (pointing to the left).—With the last additions Jerusa almost comes up to the grounds of the Pardina.

Count.—In my days, from this little height where the orchard lies, part of the town could be seen.

Nell.—Nowadays we can see better, because they have cut down the trees.

Senén (looking at his watch).—Begging your lordship's permission I would say that it is time for the young ladies to get ready if they wish to be present at the triumphal entry of their mother.

Count.—Yes, yes, children, it's time.

Nell.—We'll dress in a twinkling.

Dolly.—Shall we get there in time?

Nell.—We'll be back in a moment, grandfather dear.

Dolly.—And we'll bring mamma with us.

Count (kisses them affectionately).—Good by, my children; enjoy yourselves. Good by.

Venancio (hurrying them).—Come on; quick, quick.

Senén.—And I too, your lordship, if you wish nothing more, I will retire. (*He approaches the count familiarly*).

Count.—You are probably one of the ones appointed to set off the rockets. Go quickly. Do not fail in your duty.

Senén.—If your lordship needs me.

Count.—No, thanks. And I am glad that you are going away. I don't wish to offend you, Seneca, I mean Senén; shall I go on?

Senén.—Nothing that your lordship may say could offend me.

Count.—Well, I want you to go because, young man, you use a kind of perfumery that I don't like; strong perfumery always makes me ill. Pardon me (*he holds out his hand*)—pardon me for dismissing you so summarily.

Senén (somewhat disconcerted).—My lord, a few little drops of heliotrope—

Count.—Forget that I have said anything. Good by.

Senén (aside as he goes out).—The old lion of Albrit is getting full of notions.

SCENE VIII

(COUNT and VENANCIO)

Venancio (affectionately).—Does your lordship feel well?

Count (breathing with difficulty).—Not very. I feel too much emotion upon finding myself in the Pardina again. I can scarcely breathe. I long, and yet I fear to go into the house. It seems to me that in the rooms the ghosts of those I have loved might come to meet me. (*Passing his hands over his eyes.*) Memories cloud my mind; my emotions overcome me. I ought not to have come. No, I ought not to have come!

Venancio.—The memories of this house ought to be pleasant to your lordship.

Count.—They can be so no longer.

Venancio.—It was here your lordship was born. It is here you passed your childhood.

Count.—It is here that I was powerful and great.

Venancio.—You were called—and rightly—the first gentleman of Spain.

Count.—And to-day, the first gentleman of Spain—he who gave to all

with a large generosity—comes to ask you hospitality. Vicissitudes and changes which I do not wish to recall; this revolution which makes and unmakes estates and families; which changes everything, has made you owner of the Pardina. And I come here begging a lodging; not like its lord, but like a poor mendicant without a home; abandoned by the world. If you take me in you know that you must do so in pure charity, without remuneration; without recompense. I am poor; I have lost everything.

Venancio.—But this is always your lordship's house, and we, to-day as yesterday, are your servants.

Count.—I thank you. Believe me that I thank you from my very soul. But I understand that you are simply paying a debt and that you pay it as a Christian should. Everything that you are; everything that you have acquired, you owe to my protection.

Venancio.—Without doubt. But first, in what room would your lordship like to sleep?

Count.—Upstairs; in the bedroom that was my mother's.

Venancio (vexed).—The one off the large hall? It's full of stuff.

Count.—Well, take out the stuff and put me there.

Venancio.—My lord, it is all torn up.

Count (beginning to grow angry).—Is that the way you begin?

Venancio.—Well, you see it's this way. We have turned it into a drying room. We hang up the beans there.

Count (more angry).—Put the beans somewhere else. Is my person of so little importance that it does not deserve a slight inconvenience on the part of the lady gardeners?

Venancio (not quite resigned).—All right, my lord, that is, if—

Count.—More excuses? Must I order you? Alas for me! (*Striking the arm of the chair with his hand.*) Ah, I forget that now I am the guest of my inferiors. Venancio, I ought to submit to destiny. I ought to forget myself, and I cannot. My spirit each day grows more bitter with the loss of my sight. I cannot dominate my tyrannical impulses. I am a person accustomed to command. Authority is essential to me. By heavens! put up with me, or send me from my house, I should say, from yours.

SCENE IX

(*The COUNT, VENANCIO, the PRIEST. Later, GREGORIA. The priest DON CARMELO is fat and jovial. He comes on the stage from the back and goes towards the COUNT with wide open arms*)

Priest.—Dear friend and master; my beloved Don Rodrigo.

Count (embracing him).—Carmelo, my friend; come to my arms.

Priest.—What a happy surprise; what a pleasure!

Count.—But my dear fellow, how fat you are, and how well!

Priest (laughing).—In this part of the country, your lordship, it doesn't seem to make one thin to do penance.

Count.—You doing penance! That is a joke. But I know that you never condemn your poor flock to——

Venancio (jokingly).—We have a parish priest who is worth more than he weighs.

Count.—And you absolve them all! You will permit me to speak familiarly with you because of old times.

Priest (modestly).—You would offend me if you did not, your lordship.

Count (very affectionately).—Very well, Carmelo, very well. Sit down beside me. How they do pass. How they do fly, these years! I wonder if I could guess? You must be about fifty?

Priest.—I have been fifty for three years.

Venancio.—So have I. We are contemporaries.

Count.—It couldn't be less. You were twenty-six when——

Priest.—When my father died. It was owing to the count's generosity that I was able to finish my course in theology and law.

Count (with quick delicacy).—Upon my word, I had forgotten that.

Priest.—But I have not.

Gregoria (bringing a tray with coffee).—Here's the coffee. *(She places it on the table.)*

Count.—This is nice. *(He takes a cup.)* Carmelo, let me serve you.

Gregoria. The young ladies are finishing dressing. We will go immediately.

Count.—Don't let them wait. It must be time. *(To the priest, giving him sugar.)* You like it pretty sweet, if I remember?

Priest.—What a memory you have!

Count.—It doesn't have much exercise in remembering favors done to me, and so I am losing it as I have my eyesight.

Gregoria.—Will your lordship have anything more?

Count.—No, thank you. *(Exit Gregoria.)*

Priest (sipping the coffee).—Well, your lordship, what do you think of your little grand-daughters? This is the first time you have seen them since your return from America?

Count.—Yes.

Priest.—They're little angels; and how pretty, how charming. They quite steal one's heart. *(The count remains silent; during the pause Don*

Carmelo looks at him.) God has made of them a charming little pair; for the joy and pride of their mother — and of yours.

Count (as though suddenly awakening).—What were you saying? Oh, yes, that the little ones are witches.

Priest (trying to find out the reason for the count's presence in Jerusa).—I quite understand your impatience to see them. To this desire to know the children, to embrace them and to bless them, we owe the honor of your being here at Jerusa.

Count.—I have come to Jerusa principally for— *(to Venancio with authority, but kindly)* Will you—

Venancio.—My lord.

Count.—Will you do me the favor of leaving us alone?

(Exit Venancio.)

SCENE X

(The COUNT and the PRIEST)

Priest.—Senén has already told me that you and the countess have agreed to meet here. *(His great curiosity moves him to try to see the thought of the count.)* Here you can talk over calmly questions of interest *(pause: the count remains silent)* or others matters, whatever they may be.

Count.—Speaking of the children, I would say to you, my dear Carmelo, that my first impression upon seeing them and hearing them was — it certainly was excellent. As you say, I felt great pride and joy. I thought I noted a perfect harmony; more than that, a sameness in the timber of their voices. As I do not see their faces very well, they seem to me two exact reproductions of the same type. Could it be possible that their characters, their souls are alike also?

Priest (after a moment of perplexity).—Oh, no, Don Rodrigo, neither their voices nor their faces are alike. And much less their characters.

Count (with great interest).—Then, if they are different, the one must be better than the other. Tell me, you who have seen a good deal of them, which of the two is the more intelligent; which has the purer heart; is the more honest and generous.

Priest.—By my faith, the answer is rather difficult: both are good, docile, intelligent, with noble hearts; sometimes a little troublesome and mischievous, but very modest; well trained in elementary principles; fearing God—

Count.—These are the things that they have in common, yes, I understand. But what are the differences?

Priest.—Well, there is a difference. It's like this. Dolly always takes the initiative in mischief. Nell seems to be a little more inclined to serious things. She has a little more foresight. Dolly has a vivid imagination; an impetuous will. Nell is more thoughtful; more steady and consistent than the other in her likes. But what can I tell you, Don Rodrigo, since you are to be with them every day? You will understand their differences better than any one.

Count.—That is the very thing that has brought me here.

Priest.—You came to——?

Count.—To study them; to begin a detailed analysis of their characters. I cannot tell you the reasons for this just now. (*Changing his tone*) But Carmelo, why don't you stay and dine with me to-day?

Priest.—Oh no: to-day is the day, Count of Albrit, that you come to my house to do penance with the poor priest.

Count.—I accept. Yes, I accept. At what time?

Priest.—At one, promptly.

SCENE XI

(COUNT, the PRIEST, a physician, young, of sympathetic manners and intelligent looks. He comes from the house. Wears a long coat and derby hat)

Priest.—O doctor, come. (*Introducing him*) Salvadór Angulo, our just graduated doctor.

Count (taking his hand).—A great pleasure, I assure you.

Doctor.—I come to present my respects to the Lord of Jerusa and Polán.

Count (trying to remember).—Angulo, Angulo, I seem to recall——

Priest.—A son of Bonifacio Angulo, who was nicknamed Cachorro, gamekeeper in the mountains of Láin.

Count.—Oh, yes, Cachorro; a simple-minded, faithful servant. I remember him perfectly. (*He again extends his hand, which the doctor kisses.*)

Priest.—And I trust you have not forgotten, your lordship, that you also paid for this young fellow's education in Valladolid.

Count.—I?

Doctor.—For which I owe his lordship the little that I am and the little that I am worth.

Count.—I did not remember that; upon my word, I had forgotten it.

Priest.—And you must know also—I do not say it because he is here—that this young fellow is already famous in medical science.

Doctor.—I beg of you, Don Carmelo!

Count (affectionately).—Good, my son. Embrace me. (*He embraces him.*) Forgive me if I treat you familiarly. I cannot get over the habit of familiarity since I came into Jerusa. (*The doctor sits down with expressions of respect.*)

Priest.—I quite understand why you come in such elegant attire, little doctor.

Doctor.—Yes, I belong to the committee which has been appointed to present its compliments to the countess.

Count.—Ah! (*To the priest.*) Are you not going?

Priest. A little later. Although there will probably be a number of broken heads. I wouldn't want the countess to think I was discourteous.

Count.—Yes. It wouldn't do to have such an important person absent at this ceremony.

Priest.—Listen, Salvador, as soon as the function is over, come back as fast as you can to the house, and you will have the honor of dining with the count and with me.

Doctor.—Thank you, what a great honor!

Count (joyfully).—What a good opportunity to consult him calmly.

Doctor.—You are suffering.

Count.—No it's not that. You know my little grand-daughters. You have perhaps attended them when they were sick.

Doctor.—Nell and Dolly enjoy a state of health that is absolutely plebian and provincial. I have come to see them once or twice for little illnesses that had no special importance.

Count.—But they have perhaps been enough for you, a careful observer, to have learned something about their temperament; to have found out what peculiarities each one may have.

Doctor.—I understand. But, to tell the truth, I have never noticed any special differences between them.

Priest.—Well, at my house, at the dinner table, we can have a long, satisfactory talk. (*Sound of rockets.*)

Count (rising).—They're here.

Doctor.—Yes, they're coming. (*Distant music is heard.*)

Priest (going to the left, to the spot from which can be seen the town of Jerusa).—From here you can see it all. What a crowd. They seem crazy. (*The count with great emotion rises and tries to see what is happening in the town.*)

Doctor.—Look, your lordship, over here. (*Leading him.*)

Count.—No, I cannot see, but I hear, I hear.

Priest.—The carriages are arriving at the mayor's house. (*Music and noise of the people are heard nearer.*)

Count (with sudden emotion. Apostrophising the town).—Ah, Lucretia Richmond arrives at last in Jerusa. At last you are here: how I have longed for this moment! You and I alone face to face! I know not which is worse; you who parade before the world with impunity your shame, or the servile and obsequious town which celebrates your coming. (*Sound of bells is heard.*) They are ringing now for you and in a short while they will call to prayers. (*With exaltation, raising his voice.*) Poor foolish town, she who comes to you is a monster of wickedness; an infamous forger: Do not welcome her; do not receive her; stone her and throw her out. (*The priest and the doctor, startled at the wild language of the count, remain silent. They try to take him away from the scene and to lead him into the house.*)

ACT II

(*Large room in the Pardina. The left and part of the background is taken up by a large corner window, with elaborately carved frame. Through the window can be seen trees and the sky. In the background a large door which opens into the hall and on to other rooms of the house; small door on the right. The whole room is marked by the characteristics of a lordly residence that is old and fallen into decay. Tables, chairs, and other furniture are of mahogany and oak black with age. It is daytime.*)

SCENE I

(*NELL, DOLLY, DON CORONADO are seated about a large table on which are papers, ink, and school books*)

Dolly (striking the table).—And I don't know a single word. Well, I like that. I only needed that to make me——

Don Pío (appealing to her emulation).—Nell wouldn't say that, for she wants to learn.

Nell. Yes, I would, I'd say the same. I only needed that to make me——

Don Pío (with feigned but unconvincing severity).—Very well, very well; here are two refined young girls, born to enter the best society, and who are satisfied with being two little knownthings.

Dolly.—We don't want to know anything.

Nell.—We want to be savages.

Don Pío.—Oh, my dears! The heiresses of the counties of Albrit and Lain want to be savages?

Dolly (gently pulling him by one ear).—Yes, yes, cross old teacher.

Don Pío.—Come now, Dolly; another little bit of history. Let us try it.

Dolly (leaning her elbows on the table, her face in her hands looking at him smiling).—Nice Don Pío, how handsome you must have been.

Don Pío (touching the ruler with his fingers).—Miss Dolly, behave yourself.

Nell.—Your complexion is like a rose. If you weren't old and we didn't know you, we would say that you were painted.

Don Pío.—Nell, behave yourself. I paint myself?

Dolly.—Tell us something. Is it true that when you were a young man you used to break many hearts?

Don Pío (touching again with a quick movement the ruler which is his special way of calling them to order).—Order, children, let us go on with the lesson.

Nell.—We have been told that you won hearts without saying a word.

Dolly.—And that you had dozens of chances.

Don Pío.—Chances? Oh, no, I was thrown over every time. Women are not to be trusted.

Nell (striking him gently in the neck).—Men are much worse. Don't you talk that way about us.

Don Pío.—You are very naughty and lazy to-day. (*Trying to get angry.*) By my life, if you don't begin to work, I tell you, I swear to you, I'll—

Nell.—What?

Don Pío.—I'll get angry.

Dolly.—Now we're afraid. We're trembling.

Nell.—Why don't you touch the—

Don Pío.—Order now, behave yourselves. Tell me something about Themistocles.

Dolly.—Oh, yes, he was the one who cut off the head of a bad woman whom they called Medusa.

Don Pío (lifting his hands to his head).—In the name of all the saints in heaven, don't mix up history with mythology!

Nell.—If one's a lie, the other is too.

Dolly.—And it's all the same to us.

Don Pío.—What is the matter with you to-day? Silence, now. Now tell me the principal facts in the life of Themistocles.

Dolly.—We don't like to meddle in other people's lives.

Don Pío (reciting).—Themistocles, a great Grecian, native of Thebes, conqueror of the Macedonians (*correcting himself*)—Oh, no, I'm confusing him with Epaminondas. What's the matter with my head?

Nell.—Oh, you don't know it! you don't know it!

Dolly.—We have a teacher who's a dummy.

Don Pío (Sorrowfully).—It's because you make me crazy with your playing and with your foolishness. (*Gravely.*) So, we can't go on.

Nell.—That's what I say; we can't go on.

Dolly.—Let's be little donkeys and go out into the meadow and eat grass.

Don Pío.—My conscience will not permit me to deceive the countess, who without doubt believes that I am teaching you something and that you are learning it.

Dolly (putting on the spectacles of CORONADO which are lying on the table).—Dear Don Pío, we are so stupid.

Don Pío (trying to get his glasses).—Be careful or you will break them, my child.

Nell.—Nice Don Pío, don't you think it would be better if we should all three go to take a little walk down by the beach?

Don Pío.—That's a fine idea! Wasting the whole blessed day, even the hours consecrated to education. Most delightful, young ladies, most delightful! Do you take me for a figurehead, or a silly ape? I, who represent knowledge? I who am here to inculcate in you—

Dolly.—Dear Don Pío, you don't inculcate anything in us and we're going.

Nell.—We'll go on with the lesson when we're at the beach.

Dolly.—With the sea before us we shall study about the voyage of Columbus to America.

Don Pío (sighing with discouragement).—Oh, what girls! No one can do anything with them. Well, I give up, but first let's have a little grammar lesson.

Nell (touching the ruler).—Hurrah for Coronado!

Dolly (reciting by heart).—Grammar is the art of speaking Spanish correctly.

Don Pío.—Let us go on. Dolly, tell me what is a participle.

Dolly (phlegmatically).—I don't want to.

Nell.—Participle? A participle is something that is part of the principal.

Don Pío (with gestures which take the place of energy).—You are stupid

little girls. You haven't the respect for yourselves that I see in other little girls. Lord! Other little girls are serious and dilligent and try to learn in order to shine in their examinations, so that their parents can listen to them with open-mouthed astonishment.

Dolly.—We don't want to shine, and we don't want to see mother with her mouth open. Oh, what a funny teacher you are!

Nell.—My dear Coronado, if you're not good we will make you get down on your knees.

Don Pío.—Enough of that; but why should it be so hard for you to remember such easy things? You will soon be aristocratic young ladies, and when your mother takes you into society you ought to shine. Just imagine, in society they will talk of the participle and you won't even know what it is. My pupils will make a nice showing! People will say, where in the world did the countess find these two ninnies? Yes, they'll say that, and they'll laugh at you and the young men won't like you.

Dolly.—The young men will like us even though we don't know what a participle is, nor a conjunction, nor anything of that sort.

Nell.—If we are pretty and stylish you'll see if they won't like us!

Don Pío.—Yes, yes, pretty little donkeys.

Nell (leaning on the table idly and looking at him mockingly).—Do you know, teacher, that I have discovered something. You have very handsome eyes.

Dolly.—Yes, they look like two suns that shine a good deal.

Don Pío (crossing his arms).—That's right, make fun of me as much as you want.

Nell.—We are not making fun of you, we are confiding in you.

Dolly.—No indeed, it's because we like you, teacher, because you're very good and you're never ill natured.

Nell (stroking his beard).—You are a nice old Don Pío. That's the reason we like you so much. We are your little friends.

Don Pío (a little confused).—Now you're flattering me, you little deceivers.

Dolly.—Tell me something. Is it true that you have several daughters?

Don Pío (sighing profoundly).—Yes, several.

Nell.—Are they pretty?

Don Pío.—Not as pretty as the two I am looking at.

Dolly.—Are they fond of you?

Don Pío (sighing deeply again).—Fond of me; those girls—

Nell.—I have been told that they don't care very much for you. If that's so, never mind, because we love you dearly.

Dolly.—And do you like us? (*DON PÍO, deeply moved, makes an affirmative sign.*)

Nell.—Why he idolizes us. So, we study when the notion takes us; and when we don't want to, we play.

Dolly.—And that's what we are going to do to-day.

Nell.—First we'll take a little walk, and then we'll go to see mamma.

Dolly (*hearing voices in the background*).—It seems to me I hear grandfather's voice.

Nell (*looking back*).—No, it's Don Carmelo.

Dolly (*looking also*).—And the mayor. Mother has sent them to look for us.

SCENE II

(*The same; the PRIEST, DOCTOR, the MAYOR*)

Priest (*smiling*).—Well, young ladies, have you studied your lessons?

Doctor (*looking sympathetically at the teacher, who is gathering up books and papers*).—They are going to give poor Don Pío a chance to breathe.

Nell (*making a very graceful and elegant bow to the mayor*).—The Mayor of Jerusa. (*DOLLY makes a bow also.*)

Mayor (*answering with another bow*).—Young ladies.

Dolly.—Are you going to take us to the house where mamma is?

Priest.—No, Miss Dolly.

Dolly.—Why not?

Priest.—Because the countess is coming to the Pardina.

Nell.—Oh what joy!

Dolly.—When?

Priest.—In a moment.

Nell (*impatient to go*).—Can't we go to meet her?

Priest.—Is that a little excuse to run and play? But, my children, you are old enough now to be more serious.

Dolly.—What a nuisance, shut up all day long.

Doctor.—Let them alone, Don Carmelo. Let them go out; let them play.

Dolly (*good naturedly*).—I wager, Sir Priest, that you yourself run away sometimes; when you don't go out preaching you go out hunting, and in the evenings you can't give up the billiard table.

Priest (*laughing*).—Ha! ha! ha! Oh, you're too bright for me. Go, and leave us in peace.

Doctor.—Go to meet your mother.

Nell and Dolly.—Let's run, let's live. (*They run out at the back; each one taking an arm of DON PIO, who follows them with the quick, short step of an old man.*)

SCENE III

(PRIEST, DOCTOR, MAYOR, VENANCIO)

Venancio (saluting with respect).—Your Honor, this is a proud day for my house.

Mayor.—I come as a friend. I am not here officially.

Venancio.—Yes, I understand; as a friend of the Count of Albrit; once my master, now my guest.

Mayor.—We would be very sorry indeed not to see him.

Venancio.—He will be back in a moment from his walk. He waited for you until ten o'clock. He was very much agitated all morning, walking up and down like a caged lion.

Doctor.—I hope that the good news which we bring him from the countess will calm him.

Venancio.—Then the countess consents?

Mayor (fatuously).—Thanks to me.

Priest.—The interview will be held here.

Venancio.—At what time?

Doctor.—At twelve.

Mayor.—The cause of discord between them must be exceedingly serious, gentlemen, when Lucretia, who is never afraid to solve the most problematic questions of morals in the face of the world, trembles before this poor, sick old man, who is almost blind.

Priest.—What makes you think that it is a question of morals? We discount all the stories that are told hereabouts; exaggerated as they are by malice, envy, fondness for gossip.

Doctor.—Discount them as much as you will, there will always remain——

Priest.—What?

Doctor.—The naked truth.

Mayor.—Not naked, by Jove. It's too much dressed!

Venancio (who is looking back).—Silence, they're coming.

Priest.—Who?

Venancio.—The countess and her daughters.

SCENE IV

(*Same: LUCRETIA, NELL, and DOLLY*)

Venancio (*kissing the countess' hand*).—The countess is welcome.

Lucretia.—I am glad to see you. But I cannot come joyfully into this gloomy house. (*She looks gloomily about her.*)

Nell.—Dear mamma, this is our house.

Lucretia.—Yes, yes, I didn't mean that. This old house is very dear to me because it is where my little girls have their nest. (*She sits down in the armchair, the girls stand beside her on either side.*)

Nell.—It would be a nice nest if we could keep you here with us.

Dolly.—And smother you with our kisses.

Mayor.—These adorable creatures would like to imprison their illustrious mother.

Priest.—We would be only too glad of that.

Lucretia.—I shouldn't object to the imprisonment, providing that public manifestations should be suppressed.

Priest.—Her ladyship will have to resign herself to the affectionate demonstrations of a loving population. You can't say that the Jerusanos have treated you badly.

Mayor.—There is always a joyful welcome here for the Countess of L'ain.

Doctor.—It is as I told your ladyship, we have overcome your repugnance to entering the Pardina and I do not hesitate to assure you that you will be grateful to us for it.

Lucretia (*sighing*).—Yes, I am in the Pardina. I have taken the first step and— (*suddenly deciding not to express her thought before the girls*) May I ask if the Count of Albrit, who showed such an ardent desire to talk with me, is at home?

Nell.—No, he is not, but he will soon be back from his short walk.

Doctor.—Perhaps we ought to tell him.

Mayor.—Yes, he should be notified that the countess is waiting for him.

Dolly.—Mamma, do you want us to go and look for him?

Lucretia.—Would you have to go very far?

Nell.—Oh, no, he's probably at the foot of the hill.

Venancio.—Yes, there you will surely find him.

Dolly.—Let's go. (*She kisses her mother.*)

Doctor.—I will accompany them.

Lucretia.—Thanks, doctor.

Nell (*kisses her mother*).—You'll see, we'll bring him back very soon. (*The doctor and the girls go out. VENANCIO follows.*)

SCENE V

(LUCRETIA, the PRIEST, and the MAYOR)

Lucretia (anxiously with deep interest).—Tell me, Don Carmelo, have you seen him to-day?

Priest.—No, my lady.

Mayor.—Put away this childish fear, your ladyship. It is much better that you should talk together and have it out, like good friends.

Priest.—A frank understanding is often the result of discussion or even of a quarrel.

Lucretia (looking down).—It seems very difficult. (*She directs an inquiring look at the priest.*) The priest of Jerusa is not as frank with me as I deserve. He does not dare to repeat the horrible things that my father in law has said of me.

Priest.—Horrible things! Upon my word, not that. Yesterday, while dining at my house (*anxiously, without deciding to be sincere*) he said something about his son, your illustrious husband, who is dead. He spoke of his many virtues, his unusual merits. He wept a little.

Lucretia.—And what else?

Priest.—He showed a very great fondness for his grand-daughters. When Angelo and I heard him talking of them it seemed almost an exaggeration of paternal affection.

Lucretia.—It wouldn't be strange if misfortune should embitter his proud and haughty soul and drive the good Don Rodrigo to madness.

Priest.—I wouldn't go so far as to say that. I simply note the fact that the count needs the most delicate care and attention.

Lucretia.—He will have that. I shall tell Venancio that while he remains at the Pardina he must be cared for; he must be looked after with all solicitude and kindness.

Mayor.—And if I can be of any service—

Lucretia (to the priest).—You were saying, Don Carmelo?

Priest.—Nothing further, my lady, the count said nothing more except to ask me anxiously to arrange for this interview. Not being able to see you last night, I commissioned the mayor and the doctor to make the arrangements. You have been kind enough to accede to their request.

Mayor.—And when we arrive here to see his lordship we are told that he has gone out to walk.

Lucretia (with interest, but anxiously).—Alone?

Priest.—I think not.

Lucretia.—With whom?

Priest.—I don't remember. (*VENANCIO comes in right.*) Venancio, who did you say went walking with the count?

SCENE VI

(*The same; VENANCIO; later SENÉN*)

Venancio.—It was Senén. But before reaching the cross roads the count sent him away saying that he wanted to walk alone. Senén came back, and—

Lucretia (quickly).—Is he here?

Venancio.—It was on purpose to tell you that he wished to be received by your ladyship that I have come.

Lucretia (surprised and with a certain repugnance).—Now? (*Changing her mind.*) Yes, yes, I will see him. (*SENÉN appears right; and bowing remains near the door.*)

Mayor (aside to the priest).—Who's this fellow?

Priest.—An old servant of Láin.

Mayor.—Oh, yes, probably a depository of secrets. Are we in the way?

Priest.—I think we are.

Mayor (aloud to LUCRETIA).—Don Rodrigo will soon be here, your ladyship.

Lucretia.—Are you going to leave me?

Priest.—We will not leave the Pardina.

Mayor.—We shall come back.

Priest.—Courage, your ladyship, do not be afraid of the lion.

Lucretia (looking at SENÉN).—I shall first have to speak to this dog. (*The mayor and the priest go out back; VENANCIO follows them.*)

SCENE VII

(*LUCRETIA, and SENÉN, who remains at a respectful distance from her*)

Lucretia (standing looks at him with interest, but without hiding her contempt).—I know already that you have seen the old man and that you have talked with him.

Senén (keeping his distance).—My enemies have told you.

Lucretia (hiding her fear).—What difference does it make to me? All I will have to do will be to give him something so that he can live, and leave me in peace.

Senén.—I doubt it; as he is proud he will not take alms; since he is over scrupulous and quarrelsome he will want a scandal.

Lucretia (trembling).—A scandal, what do you mean? Has he told you?

Senén (mysteriously).—He has told me nothing. A friend of mine who used to live in Valencia with the count told me this; that since the death of his son, may God keep him in peace, all he has done has been to ferret out the past, the misdeeds of the past.

Lucretia.—Like a ragman hunting in the garbage. (*Anxiously*) He'll come back to you. He'll ask you a thousand things. He knows that you are my servant.

Senén (coming closer).—Your ladyship will always have in me a faithful servant.

Lucretia (trying to get away from the perfume which emanates from SENÉN she pretends she has a cold and uses her handkerchief).—I know that; I have confidence in you.

Senén.—I serve your ladyship disinterestedly in everything which you ask, whatever it may be, but I trust that your ladyship will not forget that her humble *protégé*, the poor *Senén*, does not deserve to remain half way in his career.

Lucretia.—What do you mean? Do you want more? You are becoming a chronic beggar.

Senén (coming closer; countess goes back).—Your ladyship will pardon me. The expenses of living, which each day are greater, oblige me to trouble you.

Lucretia.—Do you refer to a promotion?

Senén.—Yes, my lady.

Lucretia (displeased).—But I can do nothing more.

Senén (calmly).—The Marquis of Pescara, who has a great deal of influence, will give me the promotion if only your excellency will speak to him, or send him word.

Lucretia.—You are asking a perfectly absurd thing; ridiculous! (*Aside, going further away.*) To have to endure this reptile! To hear him! To smell him! And simply because I am afraid of him!

Senén (still calm, even in his servility).—If your ladyship does not wish to do a kindness to her faithful servant, then consider that I said nothing.

Lucretia (wishing to terminate the interview).—Well, all right, it shall be done. But it is very doubtful if I shall see Richard.

Senén (officially).—You will see him to-morrow.

*Lucretia (with sudden interest, coming close to him, forgetting the heliotrope).—*Where? What do you mean? Where?

Senén. At the Veralba. Is not your ladyship going to-morrow to the country house of the Donesteva?

Lucretia.—Yes. And there you think—— How do you know that Richard will be in Veralba?

Senén.—I say what I know. I can prove it.

Lucretia.—Oh, you know it through his valet, who is your cousin. Are you sure?

Senén.—Absolutely. Will your ladyship promise me to ask the marquis for my promotion?

*Lucretia (goes still further back, ashamed of having kept up a familiar conversation with her servant).—*Yes, yes, I promise not to forget the affair. I'll do what I can, with the understanding that you repay me with perfect loyalty.

*Senén (with the air of loyal devotion).—*My lady!

*Lucretia (with her handkerchief to her nose).—*You may go now; your demands, perfumed as they are, give me the headache.

*Venancio (coming quickly from back).—*My lady, the count is just now coming into the Pardina.

*Lucretia (with sudden fear).—*Heavens! is he coming here?

*Venancia (looking back).—*He is coming this way.

*Lucretia (to SENÉN).—*Go, quickly!

Venancio.—Go out this way. (*He makes him go out right.*) Would your ladyship like me to meet him and to tell him ——

*Lucretia (very much disturbed).—*Yes, yes, don't let him come; tell him that it would be better to-morrow.

Venancio.—Here he is now.

*Lucretia (resigning herself).—*There is no help; there is no way out of it now. (*Strengthening herself.*) Let him come. I'll not be afraid of him. (*She becomes apparently calm; the count appears at the door and takes off his hat. As he enters exit VENANCIO and closes the door.*)

SCENE VIII

(LUCRETIA, the COUNT)

Count.—Countess. (*He bows respectfully; she bows coldly.*) I thank you for your kindness in having consented to this interview.

Lucretia.—It was my sacred duty to accede to your request, here or

anywhere else. I say, duty, for during a short period of time I was called your daughter.

Count.—Those times are past. You were, in a way, an accident. By birth you were a foreigner, even more so by your feelings. You never identified yourself with my family nor with the Spanish character. Against my will my beloved son chose you as his wife, the daughter of an Irishman settled in the United States, who had come here in the oil business. (*Sighing.*) America has indeed been fatal to me. Then, as every one knows, I opposed the marriage of the Count of Láin. I struggled with his obstinacy and his blindness. I was conquered. Time and you have shown me to be right. You, by rendering my son unhappy and hastening his death.

Lucretia (angry, but still fearful).—That is not the truth, count.

Count (coldly).—What I say *is* the truth. My poor son died of exhaustion from the fever which the scandalous conduct of his wife brought on. Every one knows that.

Lucretia (proudly, rising).—Be careful of what you say. You are making yourself the echo of vile calumnies.

Count (with gentleness).—Lucretia, it may possibly be that I am mistaken and that you are better than I think you are. You would convince me of this error if you showed any impulse to confess to me the truth.

Lucretia (embarrassed).—The truth?

Count.—Yes; it's a very delicate matter concerning which I should like to question you.

Lucretia.—When?

Count.—Now.

Lucretia (in fear).—Question me? Do you think I am a criminal?

Count.—I think you are.

Lucretia (panic stricken).—This is insupportable. I cannot endure it.

Count.—No, no. You cannot refuse to answer me. What I am going to ask is most grave, and the very fact that I am the one to ask, and that you are the one to answer, should give it a certain solemnity. It is not I who am speaking to you now, it is your dead husband; it is my son, who lives again in me. (*Pause.*) Sit down.

Lucretia.—Have pity sir, you are torturing me.

Count (sits down in front of Lucretia).—Pardon me. It is necessary. You will have to suffer, Lucretia. (*Pause.* *LUCRETIA dares not look at him.*) Upon returning to Cadiz from my unfortunate voyage I was given a letter from Raphael in which he expressed his sadness, his deep bitterness. For him life had lost all interest; he was ill and in his despair did

not want to get well. He was dying of melancholy, of the loss of all his illusions, and also of the shame of seeing his name betrayed.

Lucretia (looking up at him).

Count.—My son had been separated from his wife for a year.

Lucretia.—Has any one ever said that it was my fault?

Count.—Don't interrupt me. It is your turn to listen. Raphael did not tell me anything definite. He simply expressed his state of mind without giving any cause for it. Naturally when I received the letter I went immediately to Valencia.

Lucretia.—Alas!

Count (deeply moved).—Two hours before arriving my son had died. A sudden collapse, and then death, and all in a few hours. (*He weeps; pause.*) He died in the room of an inn, still dressed lying on the bed; attended by hired servants. Oh, God, the pity of it!

Lucretia (very much moved, sobbing).—Even though you may not believe it, count, I loved him.

Count (with sudden anger, wiping his tears).—That is a lie. If you loved him, why did you not run to his side the moment you knew he was sick?

Lucretia (uncertainly).—Because—I don't know, the complications that come into one's life—I——

Count.—Let me finish. You can easily understand my despair when I found him dead. (*He crosses his hands, sobbing.*) Oh, this terrible pain, this agonizing sorrow of my old age; harder than all other ills I had ever endured. To see him dead! To speak to him without receiving an answer! He could not return my caresses, not even by a movement, nor a look, nor with his voice. All, all was plunged in the awful silence of death.

Lucretia (a prey to intense emotion, sobs; pressing her handkerchief against her eyes).—It was horrible! fearful! You have no heart; you don't know what it is; weep. (*He notices that she is weeping. Pause.*) What a comfort it would be if now we could weep together, you and I, for this beloved one. (*LUCRETIA takes one or two steps towards him; there is a movement as though they would embrace; they hesitate: the COUNT turns away.*)

Lucretia (returning to her chair).—My tears are sincere.

Count.—Naturally, seeing my sorrow, and you are not made of bronze. (*LUCRETIA bows her head; silence.*) You are silent. (*He rises.*) Now I see, now I see the unhappy Lucretia in the attitude which she ought to take; that of resigned submission awaiting the sentence of justice. (*Pause.*) Will you confess that your conduct towards my son, at least at certain times in his life, was not what it should have been?

Lucretia (timidly).—I confess it. But I ought to say something for my own justification.

Count.—I am listening.

Lucretia.—My infidelities towards Raphael were a long time ago.

Count.—They date from the second or third year of your marriage. At the end of the first year the son was born to whom they gave my name. He died in three or four months.

Lucretia.—You are right.

Count.—After some time, I don't know exactly how long, since this happened during my residence in America, the Countess of Laín began to tread the broad road.

Lucretia (trying desperately to beat a retreat).—If you had found your son alive I am sure he would not have judged me so harshly.

Count.—He was more harsh than I am; he was implacable.

Lucretia.—In his last moments?

Count.—In his last moments. Believe what I say.

Lucretia (stupefied).—But you have just told me——

Count.—That I found him dead; yes.

Lucretia (pause; they look at each other).—And then——

Count.—The dead speak.

Lucretia (hesitating between credulity and superstitious fear).—Raphael?

Count.—Desperate, maddened, I remained I know not how long beside the body of my poor son, without thinking of anything but of him and the vast mystery of death. After a while I began to notice what was around me; to look at his clothes; at the furniture which he had used, at the room. (*Pause. LUCRETIA listens to him with anxious expectation.*) In the room there was a table covered with books and papers, and among them there lay a letter.

Lucretia (trembling).—A letter?

Count.—Yes. Raphael was writing it when he was taken ill. Death came quickly; attacked him with fury; he called; they came to his help; all was in vain. The letter remained there half written, and there it was, alive, speaking. It was himself. I read it without taking it up, without touching it; leaning over the table as I would have leaned over his bed if I had found him alive. The letter says——

Lucretia (breathless; her mouth dry).—Was it for me?

Count.—Yes.

Lucretia.—Give it to me. (*The count shakes his head.*) Then how am I to know what is in it?

Count.—It suffices that I repeat its contents. I know it by heart.

Lucretia.—That is not enough. I must read it. I must see the handwriting.

Count.—That is not necessary. I do not lie. You know that well. It begins with bitter complaints which tell of married unhappiness. Then follow these solemn words (*repeating them word for word*). 'I warn you that if you do not send me my daughter immediately I shall take steps to claim her legally. I want her at my side. The other girl, the one who is not my daughter, according to your own declaration in the letter which you wrote to your lover, the painter Carlos Eraul, dead a year ago, I will leave to you; I give her to you, I throw her in your face.' (*Pause*.)

Lucretia (stupefied).—It said that? It says that?

Count.—Do you doubt it?

Lucretia.—I don't doubt; I don't know. (*Seizing an idea*.) Perhaps the letter is forged. Some enemy of mine might have written it in order to slander me.

Count (with a gesture as though taking out the letter).—My son wrote it.

Lucretia (turning away).—No, no, I don't want to see it. Horrible!

Count.—But you do not deny—

Lucretia (deciding to deny it).—Yes. I do deny it entirely.

Count.—And I, fool that I was, I hoped to find in you a soul large enough to complete my son's revelation, telling me—

Lucretia (frightened).—What?

Count (severely simple).—Telling me which of the two children is the one which usurps my name; which one personifies my dishonor.

Lucretia.—Oh, infamous! It is not true.

Count (with severe authority).—Tell me at once which is the false one or which is the true one. I must know it. I have a right to know it as head of the house of Albrit. This historic house, great in the past; mother of kings and princes, of judges and of warriors and rich in holy women, has kept spotless the honor of its name. To-day alas! I cannot prevent this shameful case of legalized bastardy. I cannot prevent the law from transmitting my name to my two successors, these innocent children. But I want to make an exclusive moral testament in favor of the real one, of the one who is of my blood. She shall be the true inheritor; she shall be my family and uphold my honor hereafter. The other, no. I repudiate her; I curse her vulgar origin and her usurping existence.

Lucretia.—Have pity! I can endure no more. (*Overwhelmed she falls sobbing upon a chair. Long pause.*)

Count.—*Lucretia*, do you acknowledge at last that reason is on my

side? Yes, weep (*believing that gentleness may be more efficacious*). Perhaps my words are too severe; perhaps I question you too tyrannically. It is hard to overcome the natural bluntness of my character. Pardon me. (*Gently*.) I do not command now, I do not accuse; I am not the judge; I am the friend, the father. And as such I beg of you that you deliver me from this awful doubt. (*LUCRETIA silent; biting her handkerchief*.) Courage; one word is sufficient; say that word and I shall say nothing more. The truth, Lucretia, the truth is the only thing that can save us.

Lucretia (after a terrible struggle; rises suddenly and as though beside herself; walks feverishly up and down the room).—This is too much. Where can I fly? Where can I go to hide myself? Pity me!

Count.—Do you not answer me?

Lucretia (fiercely with unbroken resolution, standing before him).—Never!

Count.—Are you in earnest?

Lucretia.—Never! I shall die first.

Count (with calm authority).—Then, what you do not wish to tell me I shall find out.

Lucretia.—How?

Count.—Ah, that is my affair.

Lucretia.—Poor old man; your madness inspires pity.

Count.—Your madness inspires none in me. One does not pity the corrupt, those who are steeped in sin.

Lucretia (angry; discomposed).—Ha, you dare to insult me? Albrit? You belong to a race of madmen, of burlesque knights, who wear nothing but pasteboard honor. What would become of the old lion if I did not help him? But I am generous; I will forgive his insults; I will see that he does not die in an almshouse, or dragging his weary feet along the highway.

Count (with supreme contempt).—Lucretia Richmond, perhaps God may pardon you; I too would pardon you if forgiveness and contempt could go together.

Lucretia (going to the door).—It is enough. (*To the girls who half open the door without daring to come in*.)—You may come in.

SCENE IX

(*LUCRETIA, the COUNT, NELL and DOLLY, who run to embrace their mother. Behind them are GREGORIA and VENANCIO. A little later the PRIEST and the DOCTOR.*)

Lucretia.—My precious ones; give me a thousand kisses. (*They kiss her.*)

Nell (*noticing her face*).—Mother dear, you've been crying.

Lucretia.—Your grandfather and I have been reviving sad memories.

Dolly (*looking at the count, who remains immovable*).—Grandfather has been crying too. (*She comes up to him.*)

Count.—Come, embrace me. (*They both come to him; embrace him.*)

Lucretia (*aside to GREGORIA and VENANCIO*).—You will watch over him and take care of him, but keep an eye on him all the time.

Dolly (*to the count*).—This evening we'll take a walk.

Count.—Yes, yes, I don't want to be separated from you; we'll talk together; we'll study together.

Nell.—You will teach us arithmetic and history.

Count.—History; no, that you will teach me. (*The priest and the doctor come in, back; they both come up to LUCRETIA.*)

Priest.—How was it? Is there a reconciliation?

Lucretia.—Impossible. But I would recommend you to be very watchful. (*To the doctor*) And you, Doctor Angulo, I would especially recommend that you observe him—

Priest.—Poor gentleman.

Doctor.—Don't be anxious; I will look after him particularly. (*He crosses over to salute the count.*)

Priest.—Do you insist upon leaving us?

Lucretia.—I must be in Veralba to-day. (*As though going out.*)

Nell.—Mother dear, shall we go home with you? Or shall we stay a little while with grandfather?

Lucretia.—Whatever your grandfather wishes.

Count.—If your mother is going away this evening, you ought to stay with her until she goes.

Doctor.—And how are you feeling, your lordship?

Count.—Very badly.

Doctor.—Your eyesight?

Count.—Yes; all the morning I have noticed a darkness; a vagueness in objects as I look at them. (*Looking about as though trying to see.*) I can scarcely distinguish— (*he looks at LUCRETIA, who proudly returns his look.*) My growing blindness keeps me from seeing anything now but large things,—the sky, the sea. But I can see Lucretia, for she is monstrous! (*His voice dies out; he remains immovable and rigid; profound silence; they all look at him.*)

ACT III

(The same setting as in Act II)

SCENE I

(GREGORIA is putting the room in order. The COUNT seated in a profound study. NELL and DOLLY)

Gregoria.—My lord *(the count does not hear; he remains lost in thought and talks to himself. GREGORIA comes up to him)*. Your lordship, don't you hear me? Have your thoughts gone wool gathering?

Count.—The truth; the truth; I want the truth.

Gregoria (lifting her voice).—Your lordship! *(NELL and DOLLY come running in right; behind them DON PÍO.)*

Nell.—Grandfather dear!

Dolly.—Are you coming to take a walk with us? *(They both kiss him.)*

Count (coming out of his deep study).—No, to-day you can't go walking, my children; there's a storm coming. *(He looks towards the window.)* It's raining now. *(Sky grows dark; distant thunder is heard.)*

Nell.—It seems to be thundering.

Don Pío (coming forward respectfully and timidly).—Good day to your lordship.

Count.—Poor Coronado; these naughty children weary you; and did they know their lessons to-day?

Don Pío (with noble sincerity).—Your lordship, not a single word, and I am telling the truth.

Count (gayly).—What monkeys you are; kiss me again, little dunces.

Dolly.—Now you hear what he says, Don Pío.

Don Pío.—I am listening. And I don't forget what his lordship said to you last night; that it wasn't worth while to put anything else in the young ladies' heads.

Nell.—And that what we need is to have our wills educated.

Count.—Yes, that's what I said.

Dolly.—I don't like to know what's in books; I like things.

Count.—That's right.

Don Pío.—And with the permission of his lordship, I would like to ask, 'What are things, Miss Dolly?'

Dolly.—Why, just things.

Nell.—Yes, things.

Count.—Yes, my children, another teacher much less gentle than your Don Pío is going to teach you the art of living. She is called experience (*changing his tone*). Come, to-day the lessons are over. Coronado, you may go.

Don Pío.—All you will have to do this evening will be to go over your history lesson a little.

Count (rising, he leads DON PÍO aside).—No, you and I will go over the history. Come back in a little while. I have something to say to you. (*DON PÍO bows and goes out. The count indicates to GREGORIA that she is to go out also.*)

SCENE II

(COUNT, NELL and DOLLY)

Nell.—Now we're all alone, we three. (*DOLLY runs to the window.*)

Count.—We two, you mean—— I say it because you—— What are you doing, Dolly?

Dolly.—I am looking at the sky; how black it is; we are going to have a regular deluge.

Count.—All the better. A deluge wouldn't be out of place.

Nell.—What are you saying?

Count.—Come here, Dolly. (*Dolly comes near.*) I was saying that you, although you are two (*he points to one after another*) seem to me to be but one. (*The children look puzzled.*) What do you think of that? I mean to say that in you there is something more than enough.

Dolly.—Something more than enough? Now I understand it less than ever.

Nell.—Grandfather means to say that in both of us, not in one alone, there is both bad and good.

Dolly.—And that there's more than enough of the bad.

Count.—And that you must cast it away from you.

Nell.—Or perhaps it might mean that one of us is bad and the other good.

Count.—Perhaps.

Nell.—In that case, I am the bad one and Dolly's the good one.

Dolly.—No, no, I am the bad one. Because I am always inventing mischief.

Count (tormented by a thought).—Come close to me, little ones; I want to see your faces better. (*They stand one at each side of him and the count*

puts his arms around them; the three heads are very close together.) Yes, this way, so. *(Looking with fixed attention.)* I can't see well. *(Discouraged.)* My poor old sight is going, going, when most I need it. And no matter how much I look at you I see no difference between you.

Nell.—They say that we look alike; but Dolly is a little darker than I am; not quite so fair.

Count (deeply interested).—And you both have black hair, very black, haven't you?

Dolly.—Mine is a little darker than Nell's.

Nell.—There's another difference between us. My nose isn't quite so flat.

Dolly.—And my mouth is larger than yours.

Count.—And your teeth?

Nell.—We both have very pretty ones. I don't mean to praise ourselves.

Dolly.—But I have one eye-tooth that's a little prominent; it sticks out a little; feel it grandfather. *(She touches her mouth with the count's finger.)*

Count.—That's true. Quite true.

Nell.—There are some other differences.

Count.—When I look at your eyes with my dim ones they seem to me equally pretty. Nell, do me the favor to look at your sister's eyes; and you Dolly, look at Nell's. Tell me the exact color.

Nell.—Dolly's eyes are black.

Dolly.—Nell's eyes are black. But mine are blacker.

Count (with anxious interest).—Yours blacker, Dolly? Have they perhaps a green cast?

Nell.—I think they have; a bluish green.

Dolly (looking closely at her sister's eyes).—Yours have little golden gleams. Yes, and a little green too.

Count.—But they're black. Your papa's eyes were as black as a raven's wing.

Nell.—Papa was very handsome.

Count (sighing).—Do you remember him?

Dolly.—Why shouldn't we remember him?

Nell.—Poor father; he was so fond of us.

Dolly.—He adored us.

Count.—When did you see him for the last time?

Nell.—I think it was two years ago, when he went to Paris. That time they took us out of school.

Count.—Did he say good by to you ?

Dolly.—Yes, indeed, he said he would come back very soon; and he never came back. Then he went to Valencia.

Nell.—Mamma started for Paris too, but she stayed in Barcelona. She didn't take us with her.

Dolly.—When she came back to Madrid she was very unhappy. I suppose because papa was away.

Count.—And how do you know she was unhappy ?

Nell.—Because she was never at home; and that was a sure sign that she was bored. We used to eat all alone.

Count.—And was it then that they brought you here ?

Dolly.—Yes, grandfather.

Count.—Tell me something else. Were you very fond of your papa ?

Nell.—Very.

Count.—I have an idea that one of you cared for him less than the other.

Both (protesting).—Oh, no, indeed! We both loved him alike.

Count (after a pause; looking at them with eyes that can see so little).—And do you think that he was equally fond of you both ?

Dolly.—Of course he was.

Count.—Are you sure of that ?

Nell.—Of course we're sure. He used to write us little letters from Paris.

Count.—To each one separately.

Dolly.—No, to both of us together; and he used to say, 'Little flowers of my soul, the only stars in my sky.' But he never wrote us from Valencia.

Nell.—No, we didn't receive a single letter from Valencia. We used to write to him but he never answered. (*Long pause; the count rests his forehead upon his hands, which rest upon his cane; and he remains a long while in deep meditation.*)

Dolly.—Grandfather, are you sleepy ?

Count (sighing, lifts his head and rubs his eyes).—No, this isn't sleep; it is thought. (*Noise of the storm, the rain beats upon the window panes; the thunder is louder.*)

Nell (running to the balcony).—What a storm!

Count (aside; thoughtfully).—I could tell nothing from their features. (*Encouraged*) Perhaps their characters will speak. (*Aloud*) Little ones!

Dolly.—Grandfather, may I go out on the balcony to gather the hail ?

Nell (quickly).—Oh, no, I'm chilly, don't open the window.

Dolly (mockingly).—Oh, what a delicate little child you have become! (*To the count*) Shall I open the window?

Count.—Do what your sister tells you.

Nell.—Don't let her open it. This winter I caught an awful cold and it was all her fault.

Dolly.—It was *her* fault. Because she *would* go out on the day of the big snow storm.

Nell.—No, it was her fault; I stayed two hours in the woods making snowballs.

Dolly (aggressively).—Did you call *those* snowballs?

Nell.—And then I had to spend two hours more in the square, drawing the church tower and the snowy trees.

Dolly.—You didn't either.

Nell (excited).—Yes, I did.

Dolly (both of them a little angry).—You're not telling the truth.

Nell.—Grandfather, she says that I told a story.

Count.—And you never tell an untruth? It isn't in your nature, Nell.

Dolly.—She told me yesterday that I was a story teller.

Count.—And what did you do?

Dolly.—I began to laugh.

Nell.—Well, I won't stand having any one say that I tell stories. (*She begins to cry.*)

Count.—Are you crying, Nell?

Dolly (laughing).—It's all nonsense, grandfather.

Nell.—I'm very sensitive; and it just takes a little thing to offend my dignity.

Count.—Your dignity!

Dolly.—What's the matter with her is that she's jealous!

Count.—Why?

Dolly (with mischievous gayety).—Because everybody likes me better.

Nell.—I'm not jealous.

Count.—Come, Nell, don't cry. There's nothing the matter. And you, Dolly, don't laugh; don't you see you have hurt her feelings?

Nell.—It's always that way. She laughs at everything.

Count (to himself).—Nell has dignity. She must be the one. (*To Dolly with some severity.*) Dolly, I told you that you musn't laugh.

Dolly.—But it seems so funny.

Count (to Nell, caressing her).—You have a noble nature, Nell, one can see in you good blood, good race. Come, now, make up with each other.

Nell.—I don't want to.

Dolly (*mockingly*).—Nor I either.

Count.—That laugh, Dolly, seems to me a little coarse.

Dolly.—All right then. (*A sudden transition; she becomes serious; she goes back; sits down, and resting her elbows on a little table, she remains immovable, in a sad attitude, expressing shame or remorse.*)

Nell (*in a low tone to the count*).—Dolly is hurt; you called her coarse. And that makes her feel badly. Poor little girl!

Count.—Tell me, my child; have you ever noticed in Dolly any signs of—

Nell.—Of what?

Count.—Of coarseness, of a vulgar nature?

Nell.—No, grandfather. What are you thinking about? Dolly isn't vulgar. I thought you said it as a joke. Dolly is very refined.

Count.—Are you fond of her?

Nell.—I love her with all my heart.

Count.—And weren't you angry with her when she told you that you didn't tell the truth?

Nell.—Oh, no, that's nothing. We quarrel, and then we make up in a minute. Dolly is an angel. She ought to be a little more serious sometimes. I love her; we love each other. I want to go and hug her and beg her to forgive me.

Count.—Another sign of nobility. Nell, you are noble. Come to me (*embraces her*). And your sister, where is she?

Nell.—Over there. She's angry. Call her and forgive her.

Count.—Tell me something first. You were saying something a little while ago about your pictures, or drawings.

Nell.—It's Dolly who draws, she has a great talent for it.

Count (*gloomily*).—Dolly!

Nell.—Why, didn't you know it? She is an artist.

Count.—What do you say?

Nell.—She draws and makes lovely water colors. Haven't you seen her album?

Count.—Dolly, come here, my child. (*DOLLY comes slowly, led by NELL.*) So you're the one——

Dolly (*childishly*).—Don't pay any attention to what she says, grandfather. I was just making sketches. We used to go out to the country and I copied everything that I saw in my album; trees, houses, and animals.

Count.—Who taught you? (*DOLLY shrugs her shoulders.*)

Nell.—Nobody. What she knows she learned by herself, just looking at things.

Count (*with agitation which he cannot conceal*).—Tell me, do you feel an intense fondness for painting? Do you feel a longing in your soul to reproduce everything that you see?

Dolly.—Yes, grandfather.

Nell.—Ever since she was a little child she has been sketching.

Count (*to NELL*).—And you do not draw?

Nell.—I'm too stupid; I can't make anything.

Count (*bitterly*).—So you're an artist, Dolly; you. Then—— (*He puts his hands to his head.*)

Nell.—I'll show you her album. (*She runs out, right.*)

Count (*rising in agitation he walks up and down*).—Then she is the one! She is the false one! Cursed art!

Dolly (*frightened; following him*).—Grandfather dear, what's the matter?

Count.—Leave me alone; unhappy creature, why were you born?

Dolly (*anxiously*).—Why was I born? (*sorrowfully.*) You're right; if you don't care for me, then why should I live?

Count (*stopping, takes her by the arms and looks at her fixedly*).—Do you think you live for my sake, for the sake of the unhappy Count of Albrit?

Dolly.—Yes, I do.

Count.—Do you care for me?

Dolly.—Of course I do. Give me the chance to prove it.

Count (*aside, beginning to walk again*).—She is trying to get my affection by flattery. (*Aloud.*) Well, my dear girl, we shall await the proof. Do you love me? Do you love me truly?

Dolly.—More than you think for.

Count.—Do you love me more than your sister loves me?

Dolly.—Oh, more? No. Poor Nell, I would offend her if I would say that she loved you less than I do. Both of us are your grandchildren and we love you just alike.

Count (*aside, thoughtfully*).—This sounds like nobility of soul.

Nell (*coming in quickly with the album*).—Here it is.

Count (*aside*).—What if Dolly should, after all, be the legitimate one and Nell the intruder? O God, give me light! (*The two girls turn the leaves of the album.*)

Nell.—Not this one; it isn't finished.

Dolly.—Nor this one; it is the worst one I have done.

Count (*absentmindedly*).—I may be on a false track as far as the art is

concerned. (*Puzzled.*) Oh, heavens! I ask for light. (*There is sudden flash of lightning.*)

Nell.—Look at this one; it is the church tower.

Count (*much moved. Going away from them.*).—Leave me alone, I don't want to see anything; keep your book. (*A loud stroke of thunder is heard; rain and hail beat furiously against the window panes.*)

Nell (*letting her book fall*).—Gracious, what a stroke!

Dolly.—Isn't it fearful? (*The room grows dark.*)

Count (*wildly. Going up and down the stage*).—Which of the two is frightened by the storm?

Nell.—I am. (*Both children stand together at a distance from the count.*)

Dolly.—I am.

Count (*in great agitation listening to the voices of his grandchildren.*).—Which of the two is speaking to me?

Nell.—I, grandfather.

Dolly.—I. (*The two voices are heard simultaneously.*)

Count.—It's only one voice.

Nell.—It's I.

Dolly.—It's I. (*Simultaneously.*)

Count (*irritated; he takes a few steps towards the children*).—Which is it? Who is it, for heavens sake! I heard but one voice. Which one of you said, it is I?

Dolly (*in fear; getting closer to her sister, and further away from the count*).—Grandfather, don't scold us.

Nell.—We are afraid of you. (*The thunder sounds more distinctly.*)

Count (*angrily*).—Which of you is afraid of me?

Nell and Dolly.—I.

Count (*overcome*).—Which one, tell me?

Nell (*trembling*).—We are afraid of the storm.

Dolly.—We're not afraid of you.

Count (*his momentary madness turns suddenly into weariness. He falls into a chair*).—The storm is in my soul. (*The two come running to his side.*) Do you know what storm it is that I have here? It is called doubt. Come, my children, embrace me.

SCENE III

(COUNT, NELL, DOLLY, PRIEST, DOCTOR, VENANCIO, GREGORIA)

Priest.—How is your lordship feeling?

Count.—Very well, thank you, very well.

Doctor (looking at the sky).—Thank heaven! it is passing.

Count.—What?

Venancio.—The storm, your lordship. It's going towards the east.

Count.—No, it's not passing; it is still in all its fury.

Priest (from the window, which is now lighted up by the sun).—The sky is clearing; the sun is shining.

Count.—For me it is darkest night; lighted up once in a while by flashes of lightning.

Venancio (aside to the priest).—You see how he raves?

Doctor.—Your lordship, I recommend to you again that you put out of your mind every idea of—

Count (bitterly interrupting him).—Silence! Do you want to take from me the only thing that remains to me of my ancient possessions?

Priest.—Oh, no.

Count.—You are taking from me the power of thought; you are encouraging this policy of prohibitions and restrictions that these (*indicates VENANCIO and GREGORIO*) are practicing on me.

Venancio.—That we are practicing, your lordship?

Priest.—What does this mean, Venancio?

Count.—Let me go on. Listen to this example of a perfect system. When I arrived at the Pardina my good friend and former servant Venancio gave me for my service a quick, intelligent boy who was to be my valet. All my life I have had such a servant; it would have seemed impossible to have gotten along without him. Well, to-day I do get along without him; for to-day they have taken the servant away from me, and yet you see I am in good trim.

Nell.—He will come back surely.

Dolly.—How did they dare to do it?

Venancio (choosing his words).—Your lordship; it is because—

Gregoria (excusing herself).—We had to send him to cut grass on the lawn. (*The priest and the doctor look at each other in disgust.*)

Count.—You probably sent him to cut it for me. Listen: You are all the time saying that you are poor; but I know that you will soon be very rich. I see you on the way to wealth; especially if Gregoria persists in practicing on me the sublime art of economy.

Gregoria (frightened).—What is your lordship saying?

Priest.—What has happened?

Count.—Nothing. Only that Gregoria, who is always anxious to save, has suppressed my favorite drink, good coffee.

Count (severely).—What do you mean?

Venancio.—Your Excellency has heard me; I have nothing more to say.

Priest (aside to VENANCIO).—For God's sake be prudent!

Count (angrily rising up).—Silence! It is not fitting that you speak discourteously any longer to your master.

Venancio.—I have no master.

Doctor (aside to VENANCIO. Holding him).—Careful, careful.

Venancio.—I am speaking to my guest, and I simply want to warn him, without malice, without strong words and with all respect that——

Count.—What?

Venancio.—That the gentlemen present, his good friends, and this humble servant, propose to take your lordship——

Count.—Where?

Venancio.—To a very much more convenient lodging than the Pardina.

Count (angrily).—Oh, I understand you now. My heart tells me the villainy you contemplate; you want to shut me up in an asylum. In an insane asylum, perhaps.

Priest (conciliatingly).—Do not get angry, your lordship, and listen to us.

Doctor (conciliatingly).—Be calm.

Count.—A prison! Isolation! and why? So that I cannot discover the ignominious truth, the dishonor! They do not dare to do away with me, so they shut me up; they bury me alive.

Doctor (trying to quiet him).—No, it isn't that. We are trying to find for your lordship a place where he can have physical and mental rest.

Count.—And in order to do that you take away my liberty.

Venancio (brutally).—And I say, why does your lordship want freedom at your age, sick as you are?

Count.—Why do I want my freedom? Do you dare to think of depriving me of it?

Venancio (without daring to answer affirmatively. He takes a step towards the count).—I——

Count (with haughty severity. Stopping him with a gesture).—Back, lackey, and you others, his accomplices in this villainy; respect the old man, respect the master. Do not bind these hands which raised you up from poverty. (*Threatening them.*) See, they are still strong. (*His voice becomes strong.*) Let any one dare to lay a hand on the lion of Albrit; let any one touch these gray hairs, or this frail body! If he does, I shall lay him prone at my feet. I will tear him to pieces. (*To the priest who,*

standing near the door, tries to keep him from going out.) Let me pass. *(To VENANCIO, who on the other side is standing as though to cut off retreat in that direction.)* Let me pass. *(VENANCIO and the priest silent and frightened, step aside. The count goes out with firm step.)*

ACT IV

(Same stage setting as for Acts II and III)

SCENE I

(The PRIEST and the DOCTOR are seated talking; they have just finished smoking their cigarettes. VENANCIO at the door in the back is looking into the room; later GREGORIA)

Doctor.—Yes, we are agreed.

Priest.—There must be no violence; you've already seen into what a state he got when we simply suggested it. *(To VENANCIO.)* Is he still in his room?

Venancio (seeing GREGORIA coming).—Gregoria will tell us.

Gregoria (from the back).—Yes, he is still in his room. He went there to get over the fever brought on by his fury.

Doctor.—Solitude will have calmed him.

Priest.—He has already had half an hour of solitude. *(He rises impatiently.)* Time is passing, and we haven't decided upon anything. *(SENÉN enters; he carries a bag in his hand.)*

SCENE II

(The same; SENÉN)

Senén.—Here I am, back. *(He places the bag in a chair.)*

Priest.—Well, Senén, you have just come in time.

Venancio.—Did you come from Veralba?

Gregoria.—What's the news?

Senén.—Much and good.

Priest.—What is it? What is it?

Doctor.—Is the countess coming back?

Senén.—To-morrow. There's something new. The Reverend Prior of Zaratay—

Priest (quickly).—Yes, we know already. He has the intention of catechising the countess and bringing her back into the narrow path. Go on.

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ANNA. — Yes, to a count of days only.

IRVING. — A long a you live.

IRVING. — I am in a hurry for to share with me.

ANNA. — Yes, and, that will be better in a hundred years, for
it does not seem to me that I am in a hurry.

IRVING. — What is the matter with you, Anna? Do
not tell me, I am a woman.

ANNA. — He is my husband.

IRVING. — What is the matter?

ANNA. — Alas, Irving, in my heart, I am a woman, and I am
tired.

IRVING. — Do not worry, my dear, I am a man, and I am
not tired.

SCENE I

IRVING AND ANNA

IRVING. — Here I am, Anna, I am a man, and I am
not tired. (Do not worry, my dear, I am a man, and I am
not tired.)

ANNA. — He is my husband.

IRVING. — What is the matter?

ANNA. — Alas, Irving, in my heart, I am a woman, and I am
tired.

IRVING. — Do not worry, my dear, I am a man, and I am
not tired.

SCENE II

IRVING AND ANNA

IRVING. — Here I am, Anna, I am a man, and I am
not tired. (Do not worry, my dear, I am a man, and I am
not tired.)

ANNA. — He is my husband.

IRVING. — What is the matter?

ANNA. — Alas, Irving, in my heart, I am a woman, and I am
tired.

IRVING. — Do not worry, my dear, I am a man, and I am
not tired.

Nell (clapping her hands).—What joy!

Senén.—In order to introduce them into society.

Nell.—Oh, you're fooling me, Senén; but, if it should be true, and if you were right, do you know, I would give you a scarf pin better than the one that you have on?

Senén (glowing with vanity).—If you will keep it a secret, I will tell you something. But you have to promise me that this is just between us two. Word of honor?

Nell.—Yes, my word of honor; and the scarf pin, if it turns out that you haven't deceived me. (*Senén hesitates, wishing to be coaxed.*) Tell me quick.

Senén.—Well, now, you mustn't tell.

Nell.—Oh, hurry up.

Senén.—It has been decided that you are to be married.

Nell (surprised, blushing).—I? I am to be married?

Senén.—Yes, you. With the young Duke of Utrecht. You know him, Paquito Utrecht, the Marquis of Breda. He has had this title since he was six months old. I tell you that's a good match. He's rich, good-looking, stylish.

Nell (pretending not to believe; trying not to laugh because she does not wish to appear too pleased).—Oh, you're telling me fairy tales, but you cannot fool me; do you think I'm a silly?

Senén (with emphatic respect).—I salute your ladyship; the illustrious Marchioness of Breda.

Nell.—Oh, you goose. (*But wanting to hear more.*) But tell me——
(*The voice of the count is heard calling.* NELL and DOLLY.)

Senén.—I hear the cry of Albrit; I don't want him to see me.

Nell.—Then go out this way. (*She makes him go out right.*)

SCENE VI

(NELL and COUNT in background)

Count.—Nell, where are you? I am looking for you; I am calling you; and where is Dolly?

Nell (crossly).—She isn't dressing and she won't let me dress myself.

Count.—Where is she now?

Nell.—She's in the kitchen cooking something. Don't you think that's very foolish. I have already told Gregoria that she must be more careful about your food.

Count.—Did you know that when I went upstairs to my room I was surprised to find there a surprising transformation. They had put back the washstand they had taken away yesterday, the rug and the curtains. (*Enthusiastically.*) It is owing to you, my dear child, a real Albrit, that this miracle has been performed. Blessings on you.

Nell (*surprised and a little disconcerted*).—I don't deserve your thanks this time; this is Dolly's work. She's playing housekeeper to-day.

Count.—There was another surprise besides the one of which I told you.

Nell.—Another?

Count.—It seemed to me like a fairy tale. The servant who had been my valet presented himself suddenly with some delicious coffee served in finest china.

Nell.—That was Dolly too.

Count.—Dolly?

Nell.—Yes, it is true. Dolly is very clever. She knows how to cook and to do lots of things, and she has a wonderful will, so that sometimes no one can do anything with her. Poor Dolly! She thinks that you are angry with her and she is trying to win your favor again.

Count.—I angry? Tell her to come immediately.

Nell (*calling out at right*).—Dolly! Venancio, tell Dolly to come. There she is, going out; Dolly, come! Grandfather is calling you. (*Answering to something which DOLLY says from without.*) Oh, he says he's not angry. You can come. (*To the count.*) She's coming.

SCENE VII

(COUNT, NELL, and DOLLY, her sleeves rolled up and wearing a big kitchen apron.)

Dolly.—I didn't want to come up looking this way, grandfather.

Count.—Your sister is going to make herself very beautiful this afternoon and aren't you going to dress too?

Dolly.—Do you want me to?

Count.—No, I don't tell you that you must; do what you please.

Dolly.—Then, if you will allow me I will stay at home. (*To Nell.*) What are you going to do?

Nell.—You know already; are you going to give me, or not, the key of the large wardrobe?

Dolly (*making a concession*).—Why yes. (*She puts her hand to her pocket and takes out a key and gives it to her.*) Here, take it.

Nell.—I will be dressed in a minute now. (*Exit right.*)

SCENE VIII

(COUNT, DOLLY)

Count.—Come here. (*Feeling her.*) Kitchen apron; how elegant you are! (*He kisses her.*) I am not angry with you. If I said anything that hurt your feelings, forgive me.

Dolly.—*You* ask me to forgive you? Me? You're the one who ought to forgive us for all the trouble we give you.

Count.—I am not so abandoned by the hand of God as I thought! (*Holding her back.*) Don't go away. Give me your hands; these hands of a ministering angel.

Dolly.—And what do you think of the transformation in your room? Pacorrita helped me, and it took us no time to arrange your den.

Count.—Marvelous! Tell me, have you finished your cooking?

Dolly.—Not yet. If Gregoria lets me I am going to make something delicious for you this evening which you will like very much.

Count.—Dear child; you are my household angel.

Dolly.—But you don't really love me.

Count (*embarrassed*).—Yes I do, the fact is that——

Dolly.—You mustn't think that I am doing these things to make you like me. Treat me badly and I'll do the same thing. I am doing this because it's my duty; because I am your granddaughter. And I can't stand it to see a gentleman like you, who was once powerful, the master of all this country, neglected by common people who aren't as good as the dust that you brush off your shoes.

Count (*with emotion*).—Let me kiss you again, dear child. So you think, you say——

Dolly.—And I know what I'm doing. To-night after supper I am going to begin to arrange your clothes. They're in pretty bad condition. That good for nothing Gregoria hasn't taken a stitch yet.

Count (*folds his hands; looks at her, trying to peer at her through his half-blind eyes*).—And you do all this for me?

Dolly.—Yes, even though I know that you care for me less than you do for Nell. I know that Nell deserves more affection than I do; she's more clever, and besides she is better.

Count (*disturbed*).—But I am very fond of you too. The fact is, I hardly know how to put it. (*Greatly embarrassed.*) Listen to me now. It seems to me that I have noticed in your sister a certain selfishness; a certain lack of sympathy; no— Nell can't be the one. (*Looking more closely at Dolly*). If you should be the one.

Dolly (*embarrassed; anxious*).—I? What do you mean?

Count.—Oh if only you should be the one! (*With deep emotion*.) Yes, you.

Dolly (*without understanding*).—Grandfather, what do you say? What are you thinking about?

Count (*in despair; throws himself on the chair*).—I cannot think. I am floundering in a sea of doubt. (*Tenderly*.) *Dolly*, where are you? Come to me. Put your arms around me. Perhaps you are the one. (*In hopeless confusion*.) I don't know. I don't know. Providence, perhaps, will tell me the truth. (*SENÉN comes in right*.) Who is that?

Dolly.—It isn't Providence, grandfather, it is Senén.

SCENE IX

(COUNT, DOLLY, SENÉN)

Senén.—My lord, it is Senén Corchado.

Count.—You may approach.

Senén.—I understand that your lordship, upon hearing of my return, said that you wished to speak to me.

Count.—Yes, yes. I sent for you. (*To DOLLY*.) Dear child, go back to your kitchen and your cooking. Work hard so that we shall have a good supper to-night.

Dolly.—That's what I want. Good by. (*She kisses him and runs out*.)

SCENE X

(COUNT and SENÉN)

Count.—Come nearer. I wish to speak to you.

Senén (*coming nearer*).—I am at your service, your lordship.

Count (*suspiciously*).—Can any one hear us? (*SENÉN examines the doors and closes them*.) Those wretches are spying upon us behind the doors, and listening to everything that is said.

Senén.—Nobody can hear us.

Count (*rises and goes towards SENÉN*).—I doubt somewhat as to whether you are sufficiently devoted to me to answer all the questions that I ask.

Senén.—I will answer everything; providing that your lordship does not ask me anything contrary to my dignity.

Count.— Your dignity!

Senén.— However humble I am, your lordship, I ——

Count.— Pardon me. I shall not ask you any questions, because if we have to deal with discretion and dignity ——

Senén.— If your lordship thinks that he will make me reveal any secrets belonging to his daughter in law ——

Count (*interrupting him quickly*).— It has nothing to do with that. Let us leave Lucretia aside. We shall respect the false modesty in which she veils her infamies. All I wish is some exact information concerning a man ——

Senén — Who ——

Count.— Who was intimately connected with her at a certain time.

Senén.— I understand.

Count.— The painter, Carlos Eraul. You were in his service once after leaving the service of my son. (*Vehemently.*) Senén, for the sake of all you care for most; for the sake of your mother, tell me ——

Senén (*pretending to have delicate sentiments*).— Don Rodrigo, in the name of all the glorious past of your lordship, I beg that you will not ask me anything that ——

Count (*with intense eagerness*).— At least give me a little light; one or two dates, personal details. Without offending any one, without lacking in respect to your former mistress, you can tell me, was he a presumptuous, frivolous man?

Senén. (*dryly*).— Somewhat.

Count.— He was the son of a poor herdsman of Eraul in Navarre. (SENÉN *responds affirmatively by shake of head.*) His artistic talent opened up a way to him; but outside of the artistic education which he gave himself, and his study of nature, he was an ignorant person, a brute —— (SENÉN *remains silent, giving no sign.*) Neither very tall nor very short; dark, black eyes, vigorous, strong will. (*Irritated by SENÉN's silence.*) Answer! Lucretia made his acquaintance at one of those revels called a Kermess. You were a servant of Eraul when he died. (SENÉN *nods affirmatively.*) On the day of his death his friends seized his sketches and his drawings. (SENÉN *assumes a gloomy look.*) They also seized letters from Lucretia, photographs, presents with dedications (*with more hypocrisy than sincerity SENÉN pretends to be scandalized, and denies, with shake of his head.*) Do not deny it. And you; you also kept,— I know it—tell the truth. You—you have in your possession. Tell me— (SENÉN *refuses to say anything; the count, irritated, takes him by his coat collar and shakes him.*) Why don't you speak, you spy?

Senén.— My lord ——

Count.— Answer, wretch!

Senén (with assumed dignity).— Your lordship does not know me.

Count (shaking him still harder).— I know you too well. Your discretion is not a virtue; it is cowardice, servility, complicity; it is not the honest man who keeps silent about another's guilt. You are a slave, faithful to the promises that your master has bought from you. (*He pushes him away; SENÉN falls back a few steps.*) May God curse you, villain! May the light which He denies me fail you too! May you become forever dumb and blind. May you live without ever knowing the truth, surrounded by clouds, plunged in eternal, terrible doubt, in a void as vast as your imbecility! (*With contempt and repugnance.*) Go! Leave my presence!

Senén (at a distance; walking backwards).— The lion is showing his claws. I'll get into a safe place. (*As he goes out he meets DON PÍO, who enters timidly. He says to him aside.*) Careful, my friend, he has the fever again. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XI

(COUNT, DON PÍO)

Don Pío (comes forward timidly).— My lord. (*The COUNT neither sees nor hears.*) Your lordship!

Count (suddenly, in a loud voice).— Eh!

Don Pío (steps backways, frightened).— Your lordship sent word to me that I should come back this afternoon, to go over the history lesson.

Count.— Oh, yes. (*With sad kindness.*) Pardon me, my dear Coronado, you, the most gentle and inoffensive of all created beings. (*He sits down.*) Come, come close to me. My mind needs comfort, sympathy, cheer. I want to forget, and I want to laugh. Divert my mind, Coronado. (*He sits down in a state of melancholy, whose inflections and intensity require the highest artistic expression of the actor who interprets the character of the count.*)

Don Pío.— The young ladies are not here?

Count.— Never mind them; we don't need the young ladies; we shall have the history lesson by ourselves.

Don Pío.— Ourselves?

Count.— We shall study actual history. It laughs; history of the past nearly always weeps.

Don Pío.— I don't understand.

Count.— Every living being is a hero of future volumes of history.

Don Pío.— Ah, yes sir. We are all ——

Count.— Everlasting heroes of history. Cursed be those who conceal the truth; and blessed be those who, like you, have always an open heart and a frank soul.

Don Pío (effusively).— I never did any one any harm that I know of. My role in this world-comedy is to suffer, to suffer always.

Count.— They tell me that you are the most unhappy being that God ever put into this world. He alone knows why.

Don Pío.— Yes, He knows; all that I know is that He didn't bring me here to bring forth fruit.

Count.— Ah, we don't know. The fruit of goodness is invisible and ripens when least we think. Poor Coronado! People smile when they speak of your goodness.

Don Pío.— And I, too. I'm so very good that I have reached the point of depreciating myself and of laughing at myself. (*They look at each other and laugh.*)

Count.— And your remark has become a proverb in Jerusa: 'How bad a thing it is to be good.'

Don Pío.— Yes, I originated that phrase; I say it a hundred times a day.

Count.— Sit down beside me. (*DON PÍO brings up a chair and sits down.*) Tell me, Pío, your wife died, at last?

Don Pío (touching his ruler).— Yes, at last, my lord. It's two years ago since the devil claimed her, called her to him.

Count.— Poor Coronado; how much you have suffered. I tell you there is nothing more demoralizing in society to-day, nothing which produces worse results than married infidelity.

Don Pío.— That is true, your lordship.

Count.— Behold me, then, as one who stands in the world ready to struggle with, and destroy, if possible, the usurping claims of a civil law which has been made to bring discord between law and nature.

Don Pío (wonderingly).— Oh, and what do you do in order to ——

Count.— I shall soon lay bare this usurpation and hold it up to public shame; does this seem a little thing to you? (*DON PÍO, more wondering than ever, says nothing.*) But do not let us speak now of my grievances, but of yours. Your wife, I believe, left you with a large number of daughters.

Don Pío.— Your lordship might call them a set of furies.

Count.— Permit me to speak to you with a frankness which is as exaggerated as your goodness. Your daughters — are not your daughters ——

Don Pío (looking down).—It is very hard for me to confess it. But what your lordship says is a fact.

Count.—If you are sure of that, why do you keep them with you?

Don Pío (sighing, looking at the count).—Because of the law of habit, which covers up the mistakes which goodness commits. Since they were born I have supported them; I take the bread from my own mouth to give to them. I have seen them grow up. The worst of it is, that when they were little they were fond of me, and I—why should I deny it?—I used to be fond of them. I am fond of them yet. I can't help it. (*The count smiles.*) I haven't much sense of shame, have I?

Count.—You are an angel; an angel of—of, I don't know what. What you tell me makes me curiously happy. Pardon me, my friend, if I smile even while I sympathize with you.

Don Pío.—Let me finish telling you about it, so that you may despise me.

Count.—Go on. Misfortunes of this sort would make a death's head laugh.

Don Pío.—My wife, who is enjoying herself with Satan at present, domineered over me, made me tremble with only a look. I might have been brave before a dozen tigers, but before her I was a coward. Her wickedness was as great as my patience. She brought me these children. What could I do with the poor creatures? And was it their fault? Tell me? I would have had to throw them out into the street. They grew up. They were attractive. They were lovable.

Count (with sad gravity).—That is enough. Do not talk any more of your daughters. How tragedy and comedy are mingled together! They are more closely connected than one would think. Yes, connected as are you and I.

Don Pío (sighing).—We are both unhappy, your lordship; but what a difference! Your granddaughters adore you and are a great consolation to you.

Count (nervously).—Talk to me about them. I have no longer anything else in the world but one thought; and that thought is called Nell and Dolly.

Don Pío.—Heaven bless them!

Count.—Do you love them too?

Don Pío.—As if they were my own; perhaps I ought not to say that. I do not deserve that honor; I love them because they are my pupils, and I can see their innocent souls as plainly as I can now see your lordship's face.

Count (with interest).—You, who know them so well, tell me, which

of the two seems to you to be noblest? the most beautiful from a moral point of view, the most worthy of being loved?

DON PÍO (*thoughtfully*).— That isn't such an easy thing to answer.

Count.— Imagine for a moment that an inevitable law obliged you to save one and sacrifice the other. (DON PÍO *seems embarrassed and confused*.) Remember that you cannot escape this terrible dilemma, either.

Don Pío (*scratching his head*).— Well, that is a problem. You mean that I would have to chose one (*deciding after long hesitation*). Well, with all her mischievousness, with all her restlessness, I think I would chose Dolly.

Count.— And on what do you base your preference?

Don Pío (*very much confused*).— I don't know. There is something in this child that seems to me superior to anything that we ordinarily find in the world. I am very much mistaken, your lordship, if she is not a real child of the angels.

Count.— There is no doubt about it. Your judgment is based upon observations —

Don Pío (*with angelic innocence*).— Yes, your lordship. That is it. When all the family were here two years ago I noticed that the Count of Laín showed the same preference.

Count (*joyfully*).— Pío, great Pío! Embrace me. (*Embraces him*.) I am delighted that our ideas are in such perfect harmony!

SCENE XII

(COUNT, DON PÍO, and DOLLY. Later NELL)

Dolly (*hurrying in from the back*).— Grandfather, here come the priest, the mayor, and a lot of other people.

Count (*alarmed, rising*).— What are you looking for? What do you want of me?

Nell (*coming in right, elegantly dressed, wearing a hat. She addresses the count in a ceremonious tone*).— Count Albrit, what is the matter? What has happened to the first gentleman of Spain, my illustrious grandfather?

Count (*surprised at the language*).— My little girl, I don't recognize you. You are making remarkable progress in the knowledge of the world. (*The persons indicated appear in the back. They group themselves at a distance, looking suspiciously at the count. He puts his arm around DOLLY.*)

Don Pío (*to DOLLY*).— And is Miss Dolly not going to dress up? She too would be very pretty.

Nell (to the COUNT).—Tell Dolly to go and dress herself. I don't like to go alone.

Count (anxiously noticing that people have come in).—Who are these? What are they looking for?

SCENE XIII

(*The COUNT, NELL, DOLLY. Also the PRIEST, the DOCTOR, MAYOR, VENANCIO, GREGORIA, and DON PIO, who remains at one side*)

Mayor (coming forward).—Your lordship, my only object in coming to the Pardina is to get the young ladies, whom I have had the honor of inviting to my party this evening. I take advantage of this occasion to say to your lordship that in assigning you to the monastery of Zaratay as a future home, we have thought and still believe that we are lodging you most worthily.

Count (serenely).—It wasn't *your* idea to shut me up there. (*To the Priest.*) Nor yours either, Carmelo.

Priest (hesitating).—The idea wasn't mine; I cannot take that credit.

Mayor.—Nor mine either; but I spoke to the prior. We agreed as to the arrangements for your lordship's accommodation there. I also arranged for the carriage, etc.

Count.—There is one thing I would like to know. Are you thinking of taking me there by force?

Doctor.—Oh, that! never!

All.—No! No!

Priest (conciliatingly; approaching).—I beg your lordship to be reasonable, and to take into account the advantages which we offer.

Doctor.—You will surely decide ——

Count.—I have decided—that you will never take me there alive. Nor dead, either; because in my will I have provided that I shall be buried in Polán.

Mayor.—My lord, won't you submit to the disposition that your friends wish to make of you?

Count (contemptuously).—And you, who are you?

Mayor (showing his stick of office).—I am a man who knows what is due him.

Count.—Ah, now I know who you are. (*Indicating the Priest and the Doctor.*) And those too. I don't have to *see* you, Carmelo, nor you, Angulo; the breath of ingratitude blows in my face.

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Mayor (impatient, taking DOLLY by the arm).—Miss Dolly, will you try to make your grandfather understand that I am the Mayor of Jerusa?

Dolly (she moves away from the count, and bursts out angrily).—Let me say to the Mayor of Jerusa, and to the priest of Jerusa, and to all the mayors and to all the priests that have ever been or shall be in the world, that what you are thinking of doing to my grandfather is a crime!

Nell.—Yes, Dolly, you're right.

Priest.—But, Miss Dolly.

Dolly.—You have lacked in the respect which this noble old man deserves. He is the father of this town; why do you want to deprive him of freedom? The only madness that he has is his love for us, and if those who have grown up under his shadow despise and insult him, we, his granddaughters, are here to teach them the veneration which is due him.

Count (who had risen when he heard DOLLY. Lifts his hands to heaven).—Oh, God, she is the one! (*He turns to DON Pfo, who is standing behind his chair.*) She is the one! Her pride has revealed her.

Priest (appearing to make a concession).—Well, since he does not accept just now the honorable and peaceful retreat which is offered him, we will take him to my house.

Mayor.—Or to mine.

Dolly.—To his house!

Priest.—I say this because in the last few days there has been a certain incompatibility between the count and Venancio.

Nell.—Incompatibility! We are in our own house.

Venancio (coming forward, followed by GREGORIA).—I hope Miss Nelly will forgive me. The young ladies, as well as the count, are in my house.

Nell (intimidated).—That's true, but —

Dolly.—What do you say?

Venancio.—I say that — we shall be very glad to lodge and serve you for to-night.

Dolly (undaunted).—What is that you say? For to-night? You will do it to-night and every night, as long as Nell and I are here. To be sure the house is yours; but we are your mistresses; my sister and I —

Nell.—Yes, we are your mistresses.

Dolly.—Do you hear? With the exception of this orchard, the lands which you cultivate, and which you hold as a tenant, or as a steward, are ours; ours, I say; we are the heirs of the House of Láin, and you, Venancio, and you, Gregoria, you serve my grandfather, not out of charity, for we have seen what kind of charity you have shown, but because I tell you to.

You understand! Because I tell you to! (*She repeats this last with authority*). The one who gives orders here is ——

Gregoria.— Is the countess.

Dolly (*proudly*).— Silence! Go and get dinner ready! (*To GREGORIA*.) Go to the kitchen immediately. The Count of Albrit is living with his granddaughters. We are not beggars. He will eat with us here. (*She strikes the table*.) At this table! He shall sleep in the room which I have arranged for him myself. And if you don't want to go to the kitchen, I will go myself. And if you have dismantled his room, Nell will arrange it again. Quick! Go about your business. (*To VENANCIO and GREGORIA*.) Set the table! Gentlemen, you are invited to dine with us.

Mayor (*grudgingly*).— Thanks

Priest.— That's a granddaughter for you.

Dolly.— I am the child of my grandfather.

Count (*with deep tenderness, embracing her*).— Yes, yes, you are of my blood; you have the courage of Albrit.

ACT V

(*A little square of the church at Jerusa, Romanesque style. In the back, the door of the church. At the right, in an angle of the church, a small door which leads to the sacristy. On the left, entrance to two streets. On the right, an open field. In the center, a stone cross with a seat at its base. Street lanterns. It is night. Moonlight*)

SCENE I

(*SENÉN coming from the street; VENANCIO coming out of the church*)

Venancio.— Have you found him?

Senén.— No, I have been in every street of the town; in all the alleys, and in every corner, and I have not had the honor of meeting the count.

Venancio.— And I am sure that he is in none of the churches, hermitages, nor sanctuaries of Jerusa.

Senén.— When did you lose sight of him?

Venancio.— It was eight o'clock when he left the house. He was so irritated and angry that we feared ——

Senén.— That he might attempt to take his life? Don't believe it. The poor old man is looking for a truth, and he's got to live just as you and I, until he finds it.

Venancio.— And that truth, Senén ?

Senén (maliciously, showing his closed fist).— There are some people who have caught that truth; and by simply opening the hand — (*He opens his hand.*)

Venancio.— You great rascal; you know, and you won't tell. Let's sit down here. Tell it all to your friend Venancio.

Senén.— The hour has come when each one must look out for himself.

Venancio.— Let's talk about the distinguished virago, the Countess of Laín, who is there in the church with her daughter Nell, having a good time with the saints.

Senén.— The Pescara tragedy has evidently turned into a saintly comedy.

Venancio.— Do you know what this sort of person does in the confessional? She empties her conscience of old sins in order to have a place for the new ones.

Senén (indignant, shaking his fist at the church).— Oh, you serpent, you infernal dragon!

Venancio.— Tell me, my boy, you don't mean to say that that wild cat has withdrawn her protection from you?

Senén (returning to the bench to sit down).— After she had confessed the other day, I succeeded in making her receive me. Well, I went up to her room, and scarcely had I told her what I wanted, when she broke out in a tirade against my humble person. Think of her treating me in that way! I who kept her secrets and guarded her honor as I would my own. I am done with you, Countess Laín. You will pay for it. See if you don't.

Venancio.— She's a hard one. And now I'll tell you, so that you may know how to act. This morning as soon as she got out of the carriage, the countess told us that we must take her daughters to her. Dolly would not go. Then, a short time afterwards, the mayor arrived with two policemen and took the girl, although they almost had to tie her. What a scene there was! The child, who is very quick tempered, screamed like a good one. The count heard her from his room, but they took her away in such a hurry, that he only had time to roar in vain, calling upon heaven and hell.

Senén.— Unhappy old man! I tell you, that from now on I am on his side. (*DON PÍO comes in left, and goes towards the church.*)

Venancio.— There comes Coronado. (*Calling him.*) Don Pío! Here we are! (*To SENÉN.*) Let's see if he has been more fortunate than we have.

SCENE II

(VENANCIO, SENÉN, and DON PÍO)

Senén.— Did you find him?*Don Pío.*— Yes.*Venancio.*— Where?*Don Pío.*— In the Paramo, wandering like a lost soul.*Senén.*— He is mad.*Don Pío.*— I should rather say maddened because they took Miss Dolly from him by force. We came back together to the town. His lordship went into the mayor's house to have a conference with the countess and to propose to her —*The Two (quickly, with curiosity).*— Propose what?*Don Pío.*— Since the grandfather and the mother are quarreling over this charming pair of girls the count holds, as did Solomon, that the object in dispute should be divided, a child to each one. And why not? A good idea!*Venancio.*— Hm! Hm! When he gets to the mayor's he will find that the countess is at her devotions. If I'm not mistaken the old lion will soon be here. (*Looking down the street.*) He has had time already to go and come.*Senén.*— I will wait for him here.*Venancio.*— I will go in to warn the countess, so that she may be prepared for this new notion of the old man. (*Sound of the organ. A number of people come out of the church into the street; VENANCIO enters the church by the door which leads to the sacristy.*)*Don Pío.*— The sermon is over.

SCENE III

(SENÉN, DON PÍO, and the COUNT)

Senén (to DON PÍO, who looks towards the left).— Is that a man coming?*Don Pío.*— I don't see him.*Senén.*— Don't you see in the darkness of the street the sad, majestic form of the great Albrit?*Don Pío (looking).*— It seems to me; no, it isn't. (*Suddenly.*) Yes, there he comes; look at him!*Senén.*— It's the count. (*The COUNT appears left; both go to meet him.*)

Count.— Who is here ?

Don Pío.— Your lordship ——

Count (*recognizing him by his voice.*)— Ha, Coronado, my good friend. And who are you ?

Senén.— Another friend of your lordship; and the best, perhaps.

Count.— Ah, I recognize you both by the sense of smell and of hearing, you perfumed reptile. *Vade retro.* Get thee behind me!

Senén.— Your lordship is very unjust.

Count.— Are you sure that your mistress is in the church ?

Senén.— She is in the presbytery, sitting in your lordship's pew.

Count.— I wish to speak to her a moment. Where did she go in ?

Senén.— It would be much more worth the while of your lordship to talk with me.

Count.— With you ? What have you to say to me ?

Senén.— In the first place, that that woman, whom the devil has abandoned, is this very minute playing the comedy of repentance before God.

Count (*to DON PÍO.*)— Is this true ?

Don Pío.— I don't know, your lordship.

Count.— Lucretia repentant ? I must see it. And if what you say is true, I do not doubt that she will accept my proposition. (*Anxiously.*) Coronado, my friend ——

Don Pío.— I am here, your lordship.

Count.— I beg you to go to the mayor's house. Enter under any pretext whatever, and find Dolly. Talk with her ——

Don Pío.— I shall go, your lordship.

Count.— And tell her that I am not losing courage; that she must be mine. I have sworn it by my noble name. (*Exit DON PÍO.*) *The count walks up and down in agitation.*)

SCENE IV

(*COUNT and SENÉN*)

Count.— Whether she confesses or not, I do not believe that God will pardon her.

Senén.— Neither God nor man will pardon her.

Count.— Leave me; I despise you.

Senén.— Just one word, your lordship, and when I have said it, the truth which you seek will have passed from my hands to your lordship's, from my keeping to yours.

*Count (with deep interest; going up to him and taking him by the lapel.)—*Speak! Speak! If you are the mire into which has fallen a precious stone, deliver it now! Give up your treasure.

Senén.— I have always been a discreet and loyal man.

Count.— And now you have ceased to be. Give me this truth. Give it to me! Even though it be stained in passing your lips. Are you the only one who possesses it?

Senén.— The only one.

Count (shaking him with energy).— But if you deceive me, then prepare to die at my hands!

Senén.— Your lordship shall have the truth, and with proofs.

Count.— Be quick!

Senén.— With proofs, I said, your lordship. (*He puts his hand to his breast pocket.*) I think I am doing your lordship a great service in disabusing you of a grave error. (*Count fixes his eyes upon him.*) The false child, the spurious one, is Dolly.

Count (in fear).— No! you lie! (*Suddenly possessed of tragic fury.*) Vile hireling, you lie! And I shall throttle you. (*He throws himself upon him, catching him by the throat.*) I'll choke you, you ruffian. (*There's a struggle; the count, although older, is much stronger than SENÉN; he throws him violently on the stone bench by the Cross.*) Villain, viper; I'll choke the very life out of you.

Senén (struggling to his feet).— This is madness. Is this the way you pay my services? I tell you I have proofs.

Count.— Forger! Traitor! Dolly is of my blood.

*Senén (trembling, hair and face discomposed. He looks in his pockets.)—*Here is the truth; as true as there is a God. (*He takes out a little package of papers.*)

Count.— Give them to me. (*He seizes the package, undoes it, then he feels repugnance and horror. He gives back the package to SENÉN.*) No! No! Take your infamous papers. Keep your secrets in your unclean breast.

Senén.— Keep them, your lordship. The proofs belong to you, as does also the truth which I have just revealed to you. (*NELL comes out from the Sacristy, accompanied by other girls; they all wear white mantles.*) Your lordship, here is Nell. (*He withdraws from the count.*)

SCENE V

(COUNT, NELL, SENÉN *a little to the left*)

Nell.—Grandfather, dear, why don't you come in? Your chair was up in front, close by the altar.

Count (looking at her closely).—Nell, how beautiful you are in your white mantle.

Nell.—This used to be grandmother's, the Countess Adelaide.

Count (kissing the fringe of the mantle with reverence, and looking still more closely at NELL).—I can see your face, and it looks as if an aureole of nobility and majesty encircled it.

Nell (surprised at the old man's emotion).—Grandfather, why do you look at me that way; why are your hands trembling? Are you crying?

Count (into his soul, deeply moved, there enters a sudden wave of conviction that he has before him the legitimate heiress of Láin and Albrit).—Dear child of my house, may God bless you!

Nell (troubled. She attributes the old man's words to his troubled mind).—Dear grandfather, go back to the Pardina. To-morrow, before my sister and I go away, we'll go to see you.

Count (deeply moved).—Do not go, for you will not find me.

Nell.—What's the matter? Are you going to run away from us?

Count.—Inheritor of Albrit, and future Marchioness of Breda, you may go upon your light-encircled road, but leave me to my dark way.

Nell (much troubled).—But grandfather, why are you so sad? We are just as fond of you as ever. I assure you that we shall come to see you; and we shall be very angry with mamma if she does not take us.

Count.—She will not take you.

Nell.—And why not?

Count.—What am I? A poor wretch. The old trunk dies, but you remain; a new upspringing tree who will perpetuate my name and my race.

Nell (with tenderness).—But, dear grandfather, if you love me so much, why don't you do what I tell you? What I advise you? Please, won't you go to the asylum at Zaratay?

Count (hurt to the quick).—Farewell, Nell. Go to your mother.

Nell.—You will be very comfortable at Zaratay. We shall go to see you.

Count (profoundly discouraged).—Good by, Nell.

Nell.—Dear grandfather. (*She kisses his hands.*)

Count.—Farewell. (*He withdraws resolutely from her. Nell with the other girls goes out by the street.*)

SCENE VI

(*The same. Later VENANCIO comes out of the church, followed by LUCRETIA dressed in black*)

Count (*in deep distress*).— She does not wish to live in my company. Like her mother and my disloyal friends, she wants to shut me up. She cannot be the lawful one. Every one deceives me.

Senén.— Except myself.

Venancio.— Your lordship, the countess —

Count (*going to meet the countess*).— Pardon me, Lucretia, for having delayed you.

Lucretia.— Your lordship —

Count.— I am speaking to one who has tried (*correcting himself*), who has succeeded in finding peace by repentance.

Lucretia.— I hope to prove to the world that my good intentions are sincere.

Count.— Then if truth has penetrated your soul, do not refuse me that which I ask. Do not refuse me, for the sake of all you care for most in the world. By telling me the truth you will give me peace. You will give me back the reason which I have lost.

Lucretia.— This terrible problem is to face me again!

Count.— It will always face you as long as I live. Be courageous, Lucretia. Be sincere.

Lucretia.— I am sincere in my soul, but I have not yet the strength to be sincere in my words.

Count.— This is mere prudery. Do you insist on keeping silent?

Lucretia.— No.

Count.— Then tell me the truth.

Lucretia (*deeply moved*).— I have just authorized my confessor to reveal to the father of my husband the truth that he seeks.

Count.— I thank you. (*He kisses her hand gratefully. She goes out right. The count remains for a moment stunned. As soon as he sees LUCRETIA disappear, he exclaims anxiously.*) Where is this confessor?

Venancio.— Here he is. (*He indicates the door which leads to the sacristy.*) The holy father —

Count.— At last I shall know the truth. (*He goes hastily to the church, and enters the sacristy.*)

THE GRANDFATHER

SCENE VII

(VENANCIO, SENÉN, and later DON PÍO)

Venancio.— This last blow will overthrow his reason entirely.*Senén*.— A little more deception and his strength will be exhausted. Then his good friends can do with him as they please.*Venancio*.— Let's go and tell them; so that together they can decide upon the best way to capture him to-night, without noise or scandal.*Senén*.— And then they can take him before dawn to the monastery.*Don Pío* (*coming in hastily from left*).— Where is the count?*Venancio*.— Wait for him here. I haven't a doubt but that we will see him come out without a shred of sense left. Watch him and notice the road that the poor wounded lion takes, and tell us.*Don Pío*.— Where will you be?*Venancio*.— At the mayor's house. Be very careful.(VENANCIO and SENÉN *exit*.)*Don Pío*.— God be with you. (*Alone he is confused.*) What were they saying about the wounded lion? That I should watch him? That I should follow his steps? I'll wait; I don't quite understand. Here? In the sacristy. (*Looking into the church by the sacristy door.*) Heavens? (*With fear.*) Here he comes.

SCENE VIII

(DON PÍO, the COUNT, who comes *out of the sacristy trembling, very much moved*)*Count*.— Has heaven no pity upon me? Nell is the true one. The false one is Dolly, the one who loves me. Oh, worldly vanities and greatness; with what irony you look upon me! (*Suddenly noticing DON PÍO, but he does not recognize him.*) Who's there?*Don Pío*.— Your lordship.*Count* (*not recognizing him*).— Oh, Senén!*Don Pío*.— I am not Senén.*Count* (*still confused*).— Do not touch me, you reptile. The touch of you chills one. Keep your secrets; deceive me, but let me live; give me back my doubts! I do not doubt; but if I do not I cannot live. I am no longer the Count of Albrit; I am but his shadow.*Don Pío*.— Your lordship, I don't understand what you are saying; don't you recognize me? I am Coronado.*Count* (*remembering*).— Coronado?

Don Pío.— I went to the mayor's house, as your lordship told me. I succeeded in seeing the girl; I said to her —

Count (exerting himself).— Do not speak of the daughters of Albrit. They are hateful to me now; the lawful one does not love me. She tells me to go to the asylum. Dolly, who loves me, is not my granddaughter. Tell me, where I can find some bottomless pit where I can hide myself and there make my last resting place!

Don Pío (with affectionate compassion).— Albrit! Your lordship, my dear friend, do not think of such things. If your lordship thinks there is no one in the world who loves you, I shall love you. (*He embraces him with deep emotion.*)

Count (sharing DON PÍO's emotion).— Ah, now I know you, noble Coronado, friend of my soul. (*He embraces him.*) Great philosopher, give me your hand. I can scarcely walk, my poor bones feel like lead.

Don Pío (sustaining him).— Will not your lordship rest? Let us sit down here. (*He leads him to the stone bench at the foot of the cross. They both sit down.*)

Count.— I am in bitter trouble. I have no longer any grandchildren; I have no longer any one to love me.

Don Pío.— Love humanity, your lordship. Be like God, who loves all equally.

Count.— And for that reason He is great. He creates; He loves; He does not distinguish powers nor kingdoms. But I would have you tell me, great philosopher, what do you think of honor?

Don Pío (very much confused).— Honor? Well, honor — I should say that honor was something like — well, something like decorations. They speak sometimes of funeral honors, too; of national honors; of the field of honor — but, after all, your lordship, I don't know what it is.

Count.— I mean family honor, purity of race, pride of name; it has seemed to me to-night, and now I say it frankly to you, that if honor could be changed into something material, it would be a very good thing with which to fertilize the land.

Don Pío (trying to sharpen his wits).— Then if honor is not virtue, love of one's neighbor, wishing no evil, not even to our enemies, I swear by the beard of Jupiter, that I don't know what it is.

Count.— It seems to me, my good Coronado, that you are discovering a world, — a world still far away, which you see through the mist.

Don Pío (anxiously).— What I do see, your lordship, is that you are not in a safe place here. (*He looks about him.*)

Count.— Why?

Don Pío (mysteriously).— They are trying to seize your lordship.

Count.— I assure you that they will never seize me alive.

Don Pío.— If your lordship wishes freedom, then leave Jerusa. Let us flee; for I, too, want to escape.

Count.— We shall go; but let us be calm. I have friends in every town in the land, old tenants of Albrit who would be glad to welcome me.

Don Pío.— Then let us go, your lordship. (*Impatiently.*) Let us go very far away. I fear lest they come. (*He rises and looks down the street.*)

Count.— I fear nothing. But is any one coming?

Don Pío.— I cannot see. Oh, yes! there's something coming in the distance.

Count.— Some vagabond. (*There is a pause in the solemn silence of the night and the far-away voice of DOLLY is heard crying, "Grandfather!"*)

Don Pío (listening).— Dolly's voice!

SCENE IX

(*The COUNT, DON PÍO, and DOLLY*)

Count.— Dolly's voice! It cannot be; it is muffled by the wind; oh, my God, how strange! (*DOLLY's cry is heard still nearer.*)

Don Pío.— It seems to me it is Dolly.

Count.— Dolly! Is the earth about to open and swallow me?

Dolly (comes in left, she is limping a little, as though her foot hurt her).— Grandfather dear. What a time I have had to find you. Do you know, I escaped from the mayor's house. I ran to the Pardina, and they told me there at the door that they had seen you going to the church. (*Approaching.*) But what are you doing? You turn away your face. (*The count clings so closely to DON PÍO, that he hurts him by his grasp.*)

Don Pío.— Go on, my child. You say that you escaped?

Dolly.— I had to jump out of the window. I hurt my foot. The mayor took a notion to lock me up in the office, because I told mamma that no matter what happened I wanted to stay in Jerusa with grandfather; to live always with him. Oh! how I did run!

Count (with terrified stupor).— I see both shame and sublimity. I do not know what I see. Is the sky falling? Is this the end of the world, or what is happening here?

Dolly (pleadingly).— Grandfather, why don't you look at me? What are you saying? Don't you love me any more?

Count (disconcerted).— You were my shame. Why do you love me?

Dolly.— What a question! (*Caressing him.*) Didn't I tell you this morning that your Dolly would never leave you? Where you go I shall go. Let my sister go with mother; I want to share your poverty. I want to care for you, and be your heart's own child.

Count (in deep agitation).— Oh, Dolly! Dolly!

Dolly.— What is the matter?

Count.— I feel as though I were suffocating. It seems that God with His own hands was tearing my very soul out of me and filling me with Himself. The thought is too great; I cannot hold it.

Dolly.— If God should enter into your heart He would find Dolly there with her lame foot. Grandfather! *My* grandfather! When everybody else abandons you, I shall be with you. (*She embraces and kisses him.*)

Count (softened).— When they all despise me, you will be with me. The whole world will tread underfoot the trunk of Albrit, but Dolly will make her nest there.

Dolly.— Yes, indeed I shall; you must take me wherever you go, or I will die of grief.

Count (raising his hands to heaven). — O God! Out of the heart of this storm come to me your blessings. Now I see that human thought, human calculations, and human plans are as nothing! All that is nothing but rust, which corrodes and decays; what endures is that which is within! The soul can never die!

Don Pío (ingenuously).— From what part of the heavens, or out of what abysses does honor come your lordship? Where is truth?

Count (embracing DOLLY).— Here. Now let us go. God will take care of us. Dolly is not afraid of poverty.

Dolly.— I will make you rich and happy with my love.

Count.— Come to my arms. (*He takes her in his arms as though to carry her.*) God has brought you to me. (*With deep emotion.*) My child, love is eternal truth.

(*They go towards the right.*)

SOME ASPECTS OF ECHEGARAY

BY KATHARINE A. GRAHAM

SINCE dramatists, as well as novelists, have adopted the custom of talking to the reader about their work, the English playgoing public has been the recipient of much severe criticism. Often, indeed, the voice of the critic rises into acrimonious contempt. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, while preserving his urbanity, observes with some sarcasm that the bulk of every audience 'looks upon an evening at the play as an alternative to going to see a new giantess, a new conjuring trick, a new feat of horsemanship, or a new murderer at Tussaud's.' Mr. Shaw utters his mind with equal frankness: the modern playgoer, he avows, though apparently vested with ears, is as deaf as an adder to the appeal of high class drama. Mr. William Archer, though stanch in his belief that the better minds of the day are coming to occupy themselves more and more sympathetically with the drama casts a regretful eye back to the times when Mrs. Siddons and Kean held the stage, when Lamb and Hazlitt sat in the audience; those were days, he alleges, when keen appreciation and genuine enthusiasm for the best marked the English playgoing public.

These frank remarks and sighs of regret have been sharply answered by pit and gallery. 'You show no capacity for serious drama,' is the accusation of the playwright. 'And for a very good reason,' testily retorts the audience, for you give us no serious drama to appreciate.' Even the ideals of Ibsen, which largely rule the modern playwright, are the subject of bitter denunciation. Mr. Clement Scott from his critic's bench hurls epithets that would have won the cordial approval of Dean Swift against the 'putrid indecorum' of the modern play, and asserts passionately that he is exhorted by Ibsen and his school to 'laugh at honor, disbelieve in love, and mock at virtue.' Many there are of Mr. Scott's persuasion who point questioningly at Shaw, talking cleverly of 'the repudiation of duty as the highest duty,' and denouncing romantic love between the sexes as mere illusion, or, at worst, base appetite; who listen doubtfully to Mr. Wilde's paradoxes on good and evil, and look sharply askance at Mr. Pinero, whose plays lead one to the conclusion that if ever there was a wretched, mis-managed institution upon the face of the earth, it is this one of marriage about which so many fair ideals of love have been draped. Still another

playgoer — belonging obviously with Mr. Scott to the old, conservative class of theatergoers, one who doubtless believes that Mrs. Alving did right to remain with her husband, and that Norah deserved the joint epithets of Swift and Mr. Scott for her desertion of husband and babies — pleads earnestly for a drama that will fully reinstate Grecian Nemesis upon the English stage; that will show the doer and his evil deed so joined that no modern ethical divorce court can put them asunder: that will present ideal love, ideal devotion to duty, ideal everything, and in short — to speak in this writer's own dignified vernacular 'exhibit Fortitude crowning the patient, daily life of the people.'

Now no one among modern playwrights is better able to meet this demand for a serious drama upholding the old ideals than Don José Echegaray, the distinguished Spanish dramatist. His five translated works, listed in English translation as 'The Great Galeoto,' 'Folly or Saintliness,' 'The Son of Don Juan,' 'Mariana,' and 'The Madman Divine,' mark him as a writer of singular impressiveness. Echegaray is, above all, serious, and his plays have 'the grand style.' While plainly in the trend of modern ethical thought and frankly acknowledging a debt to Ibsen, he has held to old ideals of love and duty. He enforces morality with Hebraic sternness; he is relentless in tracing back the evil deed; in 'The Son of Don Juan,' he brings the erring generation to its knees with grief and bitter cries for forgiveness. Always, Echegaray brings out the word 'duty' with a genuinely old-fashioned ring; with him it means devotion to one's neighbor, sacrifice of oneself, obedience to abstract laws of justice, and all the difficult things that Mr. Scott doubtless requires of it. Lorenzo, in 'Folly or Saintliness,' after discovering that he is a son of his old nurse and not entitled to his wealth and position, a discovery that he can in no way substantiate to the satisfaction of his friends and family, consents to be locked up in a mad house rather than to 'know any other rule than justice, any other law than truth.' Mariana, heroine of the play by that name, refuses to marry the man she deeply loves when she discovers that he is the son of the villain who wrecked her mother's happiness. Finally, Echegaray's heroines — Carmen, Inés, Mariana, Fuensanta — love after the good old fashion which counts the world well lost for love, and are blissfully oblivious — or it may be shamelessly indifferent — to the fact that they are under the dominion of 'mere illusion or base appetite.' Fuensanta, in 'The Madman Divine,' offers her entire fortune of twenty million dollars to her grasping relatives if they in turn will leave her to the 'sublime madness' of her love for Gabriel. Mariana, to be sure, talks at first with all the cynicism and disillusionment of a modern heroine anent love and matrimony. 'Don't you

think that such things have often been said in the world and that they have nearly always been lies?' she asks her lover Daniel after his ardent declaration of love; but in her final outburst of passion, her frantic giving up of her life, she reverts to the old type from which Alcestis, Juliet, and a crowd of sisters were set up.

And it is by means of plays of this seriousness that Echegaray has become a fixed star in Spanish skies in spite of the strong counter-attraction of giantess, conjurer, expert horseman, and murderer — for we doubt not the existence of these things or their equivalents in Spain. Echegaray has been a prolific writer; since his first attempt in 1874 he has produced some fifty or sixty plays. Yet even in the five to which the present discussion is limited, it is possible to find several correlative qualities. For one thing there is the stamp of the mathematician upon his work, for Echegaray has won great distinction in this science where his genius first showed itself. The dramatist has a way of first stating his problem either in a prologue or early in the first act, and then of working it out according to exact rules. Of course, any dramatic writer may legitimately have in mind some set problem when he sits down to write his play. But he is careful to preserve the illusion of reality, to keep the reader in suspense as to the final outcome; the problem is naturally and gradually revealed through the characters and situations of the drama; we forget the dramatist at his desk. But Echegaray preserves no such illusion; he invites the reader into his study and frankly tells him how the forthcoming play is to be made. Thus in the unique prologue to 'The Great Galeoto,' omitted in the American adaptation, 'The World and His Wife,' Ernest, a young poet, dreams of writing a wonderful play, in which the principal character will be Galeoto, or Everybody, monster of a thousand heads, who, without making his way to the stage, will fill and possess the scene. All this is a picturesque way of stating that one innocent group of people shall be ruined by gossip. Then Echegaray proceeds to work out his problem — to ring up the curtain upon Ernest, Julian, Teodora, and the invisible but omnipresent Galeoto. So well does the author clothe this old motif in flesh and blood, that unless we be hardened rationalists unable to enter into the illusions of the theater and forget as did Lamb at his first play that the actors were 'but men and women painted,' we find ourselves asking at the drop of the curtain where Ernest went with the lovely Teodora, if they were happy, and if Ernest ever wrote his great play about Galeoto, for these Spanish characters with their fiery natures grip the imagination; a trace of the plumed hat and clanking sword of the medieval Spaniard is in their blood if not on their persons. Echegaray, however, never allows his spectators to be merely entertained;

gravely he reminds them of the danger in the midst of 'light words, fugitive glances, indifferent smiles,' where 'not even the most insignificant actions are in themselves insignificant or lost for good or evil.'

In this last warning, which epitomizes the theme of the play, we read a favorite motif of the dramatist — that dullness, low aims, and a gossiping spirit have risen when more than two or three are gathered together for social diversion. Under this aspect, Echegaray could not meet the demand of the playgoer with serious ideals who asked that fortitude be made to crown the daily life of the people. Echegaray presents fortitude, splendid integrity of character, high aims, but always they are isolated in one solitary individual set over against a petty and malicious society. The group of meddling relatives and friends in 'The Great Galeoto' reappears under different names in other of his plays, and receives his strongest denunciation from the lips of Angeles, in 'The Madman Divine.' After catching a glimpse of her own face in the glass during a fit of anger, she confides to a friend, 'How ugly! It looked like the face of a bird of prey; just as if I were on the point of swooping down. When I confessed this sin, the confessor told me it was the face of vanity, of anger, of avarice. *Well they* (meaning the meddling relatives and friends) *all have that expression.*'

Dignity of character, self-sacrifice, and devotion to abstract laws of justice receive splendid exemplification in the person of Lorenzo, in 'Folly or Saintliness.' In this play, as in 'The Great Galeoto,' there is a presentation of the proposed task of the dramatist, the same clash of the individual against public opinion. Under the spell of Cervantes, Echegaray resolved to send forth a hero who will struggle for justice in the real world as Cervantes's hero struggled in the realm of his imagination. This Quixotic devotion to conscience leads Lorenzo into the madhouse, presumably for the rest of his days. If we are intent only upon the story, we may find consolation for the sad plight of the hero in the fact that it enables Inés, his daughter, to enter into her dream of happiness. Yet — upon second thoughts — the play hardly bears this reading. Inés was a devoted daughter and probably the possession of her Edward and his ducal coronet did not assuage the memory of her father and his strait-jacket. The real stimulation of the play is in the noble struggle of the hero; although a losing one in terms of ducal coronet and strait-jacket, it is calculated to act as a Katharsis to our enfeebled imaginations which cannot always work upon so abstract a plane. A great struggle, nobly endured to the end, possesses a tonic quality and makes one half in love with failure, eager for the life of renunciation, without which, says Mr. George Moore, life is a mere triviality. And the mood that inspired Lorenzo's struggle with its renunciation of personal happiness is

the same that we read with pulses stirred in Henley's poems, in Hardy's novels, in certain of Stevenson's essays.

In 'The Son of Don Juan,' the author again sets himself a task — that of transplanting the problem of Ibsen's 'Ghosts' to Spanish soil. The most pleasing part of this work is the prologue in which Echegaray chats frankly and informally with his readers. He acknowledges that this work brought him a fine pelting from the critics, who, one and all, fell into a passion and denounced his drama as pathological, somber, with no other object than that of arousing horror. 'But its motive was very different,' protests Señor Echegaray, with unruffled urbanity, 'I shall not explain it. I never defend my dramas.' One wishes, however, that he had not gone off into whimsical silence without a word in explanation of his play. It is difficult to see in it anything but a study of heredity lunacy, and therefore but an imperfect and superficial reading of 'Ghosts,' in which heredity is by no means the main theme. 'The Son of Don Juan' has no suspense, no clash of motive. When in the opening scene Don Juan boasts to his companions of his gay and licentious life, of his hopes in his gifted son, Lazarus, and when, shortly afterwards, we see Lazarus, his face pale, his steps unsteady, his mind inclined to wander, we read at once the somber development of the play; the acts following merely picture the progress of the disease of Lazarus, his sundering of all ties with Carmen, the bitter grief of his mother, the deep contrition of his father. To be sure, the darkness of the drama receives an occasional flash of light; Don Juan's description of the morning when he awoke from an orgy and saw through the perfumed hair of the Tarifena the splendid rising of the sun, and was stirred to new desires for a higher love, aspirations for a purer life, proceeds from the poetic and not the mathematical genius of the author.

After a reading of 'The Madman Divine,' the suspicion aroused by 'The Son of Don Juan' that the subject of lunacy has a peculiar attraction for Echegaray deepens into certainty. At first reading, the play is a wanton exhibition of insanity, the dramatist seemingly taking the same pleasure in its portrayal that the early sculptors took in the exhibition of mere brute force. Yet, a broader reading of the play is possible. The scene opens in the home of Fuensanta, a wealthy young widow surrounded by the usual group of meddling relatives. Into this gossiping circle walks Gabriel, scholar, philanthropist, traveler, and the accepted lover of Fuensanta. Gabriel has no small talk, but soars away beyond the intellectual reach of the group. He talks on great subjects and frequently breaks out into sentences suggesting a mystic crazed by his visions. Even Fuensanta is often horrified even while allured. In spite of the protests of the meddling uncles

and some further symptoms of insanity on the part of Gabriel, the wedding takes place. After the ceremony the groom removes any wistful doubts in the mind of his bride as to his insanity by various mad outbreaks. He identifies himself with deity and announces himself as the one God. He attacks and overpowers one of the uncles and steps are taken to have him locked up. The last act of the drama depicts the progress of his disease and Fuensanta's clinging devotion. Finally, the mad bridegroom manages to set fire to the house and the curtain goes down on the flame-encircled pair, Fuensanta ecstatically welcoming death with her 'madman divine' rather than life without him. Ghastly as is this theme in the telling it is invested with all Echegaray's peculiar power and poetry. The figure of mad Gabriel is never petty nor ordinary; we realize that his madness is a result of the greatness of his reach, a reach too far exceeding his grasp; his brain surrenders to the mighty thoughts that beat upon it. The play is a weird *tour de force*: it gives us the feeling of tragedy even while limiting the struggle to one human brain. We may not accept the theme, but we cannot deny the power of the dramatist in this as well as in the other four plays.

Certainly in this easy-going day when the public likes to settle back comfortably into its chair at the play, when many dramatists justify Mr. Scott's complaint, and exhort us 'to laugh at honor and mock at virtue,' it is an event to meet a playwright who stimulates, who induces moral reflection, as does Señor Echegaray. We do not attempt in the present brief article to give academic judgment concerning him as an artist, but only to assert that his plays have what Mr. Edward Everett Hale calls 'that something which lasts for awhile after one leaves the theater.'

IN DELOS—IN THE DRIFTING ISLE

IT was within the narrow isle —
The isle long since that drifting tried
The southmost sea — where not a field
Could wish to be more wide,
When that its straight bound so might yield
A charm the princelier lands have not revealed —
This view so fair upon the far-off blowing tide.
To that low wall of ancient stone
An idle wanderer I came,
And found me there a world too new —
Too briefly fair to name;
For there against the Ægean blue,
A thousand flowers were at the first review,
Spreading to gentle winds the valor of their flame.
Soon was the ruined barrier passed:
And in the grasses down I lay
And saw no more than one clear sky —
One azure from the bay —
One many blossomed mist, that high
Above me, with a soft continuing sigh,
Lent a bright hem of color to the paler day.
A nodding poppy on her stem —
Straight up she stood against the sun
And floated stilly like a cloud.
And of her mates not one
But wore a face as gently proud,
And danced a round among the fairy crowd,
In golden mantle fine by meek rain women spun.
So lying, changed from what I was,
With ears that scarce were mine almost
I heard a mute and lovely tune
Some chanting god had lost:
And saw by other eyes, within the noon,
Fleet for the chase, wearing her silver moon,
Diana, on her way, adown the singing coast.

Mildred McNeal Sweeney

POETIC LANGUAGE

BY IVAN CALVIN WATERBURY

THE monumental development of craftsmanship nowadays along the lines pointed out by William Morris has proved anything but a fad. All handicrafts are shaping themselves to the same ideal; and the mighty machinery crafts are soon to follow. The movement is borne along by the mighty ghost born of Morris's genius, which is steadily animating with human life the body of the Titan labor. The craftsmanship of literature, which our forefathers down to the time of Sir Walter Scott fitly called *book craft*, is no exception. Morris treated literature (bookcraft) as he did all the other crafts he created or revived and excelled in; and likewise he went down to its fundamentals in style. And even to this day style is sometimes called by its old expressive synonym *wordcraft*. I have seen the word used in newspapers, actually! Therein this great and good man laid the broad groundwork whereon more and more bookcraftsmen will build, until they embody in English song and tale all the rest of the manifold characteristic charms of kindred Teutonic literatures that have been found inexpressible in the fashionable idiom of the 'king's English.'

Not every double-yolked egg could bring forth Castor and Pollux, but many can hatch twin eagles. The same holds good of those verbal eggs which are the offspring of poetic fancies.

The language of poetry is herein treated in distinction from the language of reason, or that which appeals directly to the understanding. The language of reason is used by science to widen the realm of exact knowledge. It is used by philosophy to show the relations of the facts of science. By philosophy I do not mean metaphysics, by long odds! Metaphysics uses the language of reason, as do other branches of alleged human knowledge; but these use it only to clothe phantasms drawn from the inner consciousness, which it would be more honest to clothe in the language of poetry! No apologies to Puritan priestcraft! Poetry is socially useful because it is known for what it is. Metaphysics is socially dangerous because it masquerades as contribution to human knowledge, whereas it is nothing of the kind. It is gradually dawning upon the majority of us that the solvable portion of the mystery of the universe can be solved only by the thorny road of science; and that it is the business of poetry to delight us along the same

road by songs of the road! Compare Walt Whitman's 'Song of the Open Road.'

The language of poetry appeals to the understanding also, but mainly by indirect suggestion through the imagination and the emotions. Science purposes to convey truth and nothing else. True poetry purposes the same but only in such wise as to give esthetic pleasure. Science must denote precisely what it says. Poetry must connote a great deal more. The language of poetry is, above all things, suggestive, connotative, hintful.

This is why scientific English contains so many Latinisms and poetical English so few, outside of the macaronic school of Milton. For instance, it is desirable for science to borrow an alien term like *mercury*, which, being free from previous meanings and associations in English, when spelled without a capital, must always bear the precise meaning first stamped upon it by the chemist. But this very merit of insulation for the language of science makes the same word inadequate for poetic usage. Therefore, the less precise Anglo-Saxon compound *quicksilver* fits the poet's need better. Poetry has much to do with psychology, but it cannot call the science by the same name in its own dialect. *Soullore* (like *Seellehre* in German) would fulfill the poet's need much better. More by token, several markworthy writers have suggested *soulish* for *psychic* and *psychical*. There are many such parallels besides that of science and knowledge, but there should be many more. Here is the longfelt want in poetic English. Science has made such cataclysmal progress in the last fifty years that the Muses have been left gasping, awestruck, speechless, for lack of words in their English to name fitly the wonders that have been unfolded with lightning-like speed. There is no way to fulfill this need but by revival of early English roots and methods of compounding. That is how the German language has been created in all its purity within the last two hundred years since it has graduated from its macaronic stage. Science, in its phenomenal activity, has built up a dialect in English adequate for its own use. The more backward poetry, the greatest of the fine arts (highcrafts, as they would be called if we translated the Anglo-Saxon *heahcraft*), is left with a meager thesaurus (word-board) to do science justice with. I have interviewed scientists on this subject, and have their concurrence.

The present writing has to do with English fit for verse and what is known as poetic prose. In this field wordcraft works best with homebred roots, even at the occasional sacrifice of sonority, though more often with gain in both sonority and expressiveness. The needs of the prose romancer and literary essayist far overlap those of the poet. But as hardshell conservatism concedes most neological freedom to the poets, I shall confine my

suggestions mainly to them. At the same time, I am full well aware that radical prosewriters are not slow to follow worthy poetic example, no matter what macaronic conservatism is willing to vouchsafe. The interested reader can be trusted to appreciate all justifiable militancy. And be it understood that the aim is less to revolutionize English than to enrich it where there is crying need.

James Russell Lowell handed down the opinion: 'Perhaps there might be a question between the old English *again rising* and *resurrection*, but there can be no doubt that *conscience* is better than *inwit*, and *remorse* than *againbite*.' Such is the ruling of a weighty judge; but, as attorney in this case, I use the right to take out an exception. I acknowledge that *conscience* is more sonorous than *inwit*, but it is not so expressive of the Anglo-Teutonic cast of mind. Desirable as sonority always is, expressiveness is much more so. Would that both were always found together! However why in the name of reason should we not have both *inwit* and *conscience* available to fit the shades of character of different contexts? Why not have likewise the other two pairs of words Lowell mentions? No language can be too rich in synonyms to fulfill the manifold needs of the shifting shades of human thought, especially poetic thought. Our coming poets will have to treat the sublimities that the ponderous Latinisms of art, science, and philosophy stand for; but they will have to do so in homebred English in order to be widely appreciated by the great folkmind. The literary trend of the day is back to Saxondom, both with prose and poetry, notwithstanding sporadic reaction in high places. Henceforward, I will save time by suggesting a pure English synonym in parentheses after each Latinism, wherever it seems desirable.

As we have barely begun to study English, few realize how great is her native (homeling) wealth, even in such words as are to be found in everybody's active or passive vocabulary (wordhoard). If we merely made a gathering of all such household words as are found sprinkled through the books and journals (tidings books, newsbooks, tidings sheets, newspapers) of the day, we should have a dictionary (wordbook) large enough to make an English novel or epic poem (heleth-song) read like one in the link-tongue between Dutch and Danish that English is. Of course William Morris was the master of masters at this kind of thing, and our link-kinship between Low German and Scandinavian is most markworthy in both his prose and his verse. For the sake of settings in keeping with such pioneering use of pure modern English, the late craftsman wisely chose olden themes. I call his English modern in that it had all been used within the modern period since Langland and Chaucer; all except the few compounds he created.

It is widely acknowledged that a poet has a right to seek his own as far back as Chaucer and a prose writer as far back as Tyndale. Moreover, Morris used olden themes largely for the sake of symbolism (tokencraft) for which pure English is best. Bookcraft will embody tokencraft more and more. The new symbolism bears the same kinship to the old-fashioned, clumsy allegory that metonymy does to simile and metaphor. Bright, flashing, fleeting metonymy was the favorite figure of the singer of 'Beowulf,' as it is in the songcraft of to-day. Compare the symbolism which Björnson, Ibsen, and Maeterlinck have made so famous with the obtrusive allegory of Spenser's 'The Faerie Queene' and divine (spae) the method of the coming epists of modern life. Here is the key to William Morris's great epic of the fatality of the reign of goldgreed and the hatred born thereof, 'The Story of Sigurd the Volsung.' He wrought the Pan-Teutonic cycle in symbolical English, which gives only mystic implication of the cosmic allegory therein embodied. The English is as pure as that of Layamon's 'Brut,' yet fit for other than archaic purposes. Skilful craftsmen can shape it to modern themes and symbols, now that Morris has got the camel's nose in. Every original poet has to make a dialect of his own. This becomes a wordhoard for later songcraftsmen to draw upon, who further enrich the general language of poetry. Before you can appreciate any great poet or any great philosopher, you have to 'learn his great language,' as Browning sings.

Robert Browning read Johnson's dictionary through four times. But the average writer of English deems lexicology (wordlore) a negligible study. This is because he has been so carefully imbued with cant faith in the ready-made perfection of the language he has inherited and that of the social system that has inherited him. Professors of rhetoric (speechcraft) hold 'poets are born, not made; but prose writers are made, not born.' So saying, they leave poet-training severely alone; and unlike the skalds and bards of old, the latter-day poet goes untaught, though heaven knows how much teaching he needs in his craft! Rhetoricus teaches elaborately how to balance heavy sentences and mass them into paragraphs, after Macaulay or De Quincey or Henry James, or whomsoever happens to be the favorite professorial model. To be sure, I knew one rhetorician who never would praise anything that was not modelled on Kipling or Stephenson. Rhetoricus calls the paragraph 'the element of style,' and virtually alleges that it is the Alpha and Omega of style. Let any practical writer try to show him that the paragraph is merely a division of punctuation, the next above a full stop! Why a life-saving crew could not reach Rhetoricus with a thousand-foot hotline! Word building and phrase making he contemptuously refuses to spend time on, unless you perpetrate something that he thinks

Macaulay or De Quincey or James would not sanction. Then you learn that his other name is Logomachus. How he does hate to get down to verbal fundamentals that might change the whole complexion of a composition, and make it unrecognizable in the light of his few models! Often he knows nothing of Anglo-Saxon or German or Scandinavian; nothing of the enlightening discoveries of Teutonic philology during the last century. He has slighted the history of English grammar (speechlore), alleging that it has little bearing on his specialty. He has no conception of the place of his specialty in history or in society. He has not realized that the restoration of the long-lost beauties of the English language has been fast fulfilling itself during the last fifty years of the study of Teutonic philology in the English-speaking world. The general sloughing off of Latinistic pedantry in popular writing has resulted from that study. Yet the reactionary Rhetoricus Logomachus wilfully blinds himself to all this, and the effect is all the same whether he hides his head in the sand or in the clouds.

Large as our Scandinavian-American population is, three fifths of our whole number are German. Here is a continental-minded, intelligent reading public to whom English Teutonisms are more appreciable and welcome in the adopted tongue than Latinisms. I have talked this matter over with scores of these Teutons of foreign birth or parentage and found them all likeminded, though I happen to be pure English and Scotch, with a Yankee lineage two hundred and seventy-odd years long. My own Teutonic bias I attribute to rearing and education among the influences and associations of the Pan-Teutonic Mississippi Valley. I once asked a German high school ma'am in Chicago, who let fall an appreciative remark about Chaucer, 'Don't you find it hard to read Chaucer?' 'Oh no!' she exclaimed, patronizingly; 'you forget how many Germanlike expressions he uses that should make him easier for me to read than most English is.' A German-born professor of Germanic languages and literatures in the University of Chicago, who was not a strong admirer of William Morris, once called my attention to a German translation of 'The Story of Sigurd the Volsung.' 'Don't they find that pretty hard to translate into German?' I asked. 'Oh no,' he answered; 'you should readily see how much easier it would be to render such English into German than any other.' The Norwegian teacher of Scandinavian languages and literatures in the same faculty told me of his intention to assign the reading of 'The Story of Sigurd the Volsung' and the Morris-Magnusson translation of 'The Volsunga Saga' in a course on 'Teutonic Traditions.' 'How does such English seem to your countrymen?' I asked him. 'Naturally a great deal easier than any other,' he replied, 'it's so Teutonic.' I was once discussing the relative

merits of English and German with the editor of a magazine called *Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter*, who, though a cultured old Forty-eighter, still spoke with an accent. 'I hold,' said he, 'that English has not grown like a living language, but by inanimate accretion, like a crystal. I don't say it has no inner vitality to grow from; but I believe that it has grown as far as it can by accumulation from outside. It has taken on more foreign matter than the speech of every day can assimilate, and must either dry up and decay or else develop from native sources. Now my belief is that English will henceforth grow more and more from its own roots, under the influence of the overwhelming Germanic majority of our population. Americans will find this as necessary to English as it was found to my mother tongue at the beginning of the great German Romantic Movement.'

Professor George Hempl, the philologist, once suggested that, while the Germans in America will never supplant English with German, or even introduce many German words, they will so influence the national cast of mind as to reteutonize English along Anglo-Saxon lines.

I have tried sundry styles of English on all classes of German and Scandinavian Americans, including sailors on the Great Lakes and brick makers; and

'Try it by whatever token,
Still the selfsame answer's spoken.'

There is so much debatable land between the English of poetry and that of popular prose that either the poet or novelist who chooses, a hundred years hence, can write in a folkspeech as pure as that of the singer of 'Beowulf' or that of King Alfred, and as rich as all the kindred Teutonic tongues taken together. All English culture was Latinistic from the Norman Conquest down to the dawn of the English romantic movement; yet it could not unmake the Anglo-Saxon character of the folkspeech. English stems and affixes have never lost their power of forming self-explaining compounds. As Brandt's German Grammar puts it: 'The capacity of German for forming such compounds is generally exaggerated, and that of English generally underrated. We might just as well write them so, in English: *Fireinsurancecompanysoffice*; and we should have the same compound.' What if we should learn to vary such hybrids with something in pure Anglo-Saxon like *Fireunderwritersreckoninghouse*? Seeing that office means counting-house, reckoning-house expresses the same idea! That should serve some hardbestead poet a turn in iambic tetrameter, which, compared with the hybrid fright, would be a thing of beauty and a joy forever! By the way, alluding to the art of reckoning, or arithmetic, take the German Rechenkunst. Why should we not use *reckoncraft*, seeing that it would be hard

to revive the Middle-English *rimecraft*, because of the modern association of *rime* with poetical numbers? By the same token, the Elizabethans often called a professional arithmetician, or accountant, a *reckonmaster*. This latter word would be just as intelligible nowadays.

I am well aware how the bare hint of such things raises the goose-flesh of macaronic conservatism, whose business it is to fight everything new, whether it be worthy or unworthy. On the other hand, what is a radical? One who goes to the root of things. Unlike his opponent, the radical does not believe that whatever is is right, merely because it is. In his root-wisdom, he is the only one who wins back treasures from the undying past or brings forth anything new for the future. The radical is not the champion (forefighter) of that social inertia which, from everlasting to everlasting, is too almighty to need any champion. That can be trusted to take care of itself. None but the radical works with both foresight and hindsight.

Much is said on both sides; but sometimes the public taste can be taught to like the homeborn, the homebred, and the homemade. Such has been the case in Germany. 'Made in Germany' is justly the pride of the Vaterland. But some day it will mean less to us than 'Made in America.' The greatest of the wonders wrought in Germany within the last two hundred years, the thing which our poets are the first to deem worthy of emulation, is German,—the language of that nation which has admittedly done more for the culture of the world in a century than all other nations put together. The living age of Teutonic culture has succeeded the dead or dying age of Latinistic culture in the English-speaking world. The prevailing Teutonic influences cannot help modifying a language already essentially Teutonic much more than did the long-regnant Latinism now moribund. The rearguard of Latinism has left many malcontents in our seats of learning; but its bolt has been shot. True, Professor Rhetoricus Logomachus says, 'Use one element or the other as the thought requires.' But this is not to the point; and he and his fellow criticasters always show hostility (foeship) to much unmixed English, on general principles. Such a rhetorician as A. S. Hill is a rabid Latinistic reactionary, a hardshell dogmatist. Genung, the least backward of the transitionists, warily acknowledges the worthiness of the present trend toward Anglo-Saxonism, and even indulges in the coinage *speech-part-ship* from his own mint. Such a word, though a hybrid, betokens the kind of mintwork herein spoken for. It is put together in keeping with the genius (speechghost) of our folk tongue. I grant the justice of Genung's warning against the abuse of such free coinage 'by ill-furnished writers.' Only I move that such words be met in less of the cat-and-dog spirit, and with more of that open-mindedness which they meet with in

every Teutonic language except our don-ridden English! Especially such should be their lot when they are minted by *well-furnished* writers. Continental scholars find no Caucasian people so ignorant of the grammatical laws of its own language as the British and Americans; none so full of ignorant intolerance of suggestions for fostering the natural growth of their mother tongue, I mean suggestions like that of Max Müller. He urged that English-speaking people follow the German example of enriching their literary language (book-speech) by drawing on the dialects, both local and technical, which usually afford fifty synonyms for one in the literary language. Every human activity, he pointed out, has its own dialect, including the dialect of religion in the archaic-sounding English bible. By the by, our next Milton may have as much to say about the religion of humanity as the first one had about the religion of Puritanism. But he could hardly call the learned doctrines about it by such a name as *theology*. *Godheadlore* and *godhoodlore* would do better. He could boil *hierology* down to *faithlore* and *belieflore*, and *mythology* down to *godlore* (cf. the German *Gottlehre* and the Danish *Gudelaere*).

Marsh called attention to the fact that often the popular taste is truer than that of schoolcraft, and that the vulgar fashion of inexpressiveness in high places has had much to do with arresting the growth of the English folkspeech. D'Annunzio says that whenever he has an idea hard to express he tries to think what his mother would have said to him when he was a child. And whatever we may think of D'Annunzio's ethics, nobody seems able to find many flaws in his wordcraft. What better argument for not dismissing superciliously an expressive compound made by the tasteful instinct of the unlearned?

Professor Lounsbury, in his 'History of the English Language,' acknowledges the Saxonward tendency in English. But, like all conservatives and transitionists, he warns against any preference for one element or the other, adding that there is nothing permanent about either the Latinistic or the Saxonward movement. How does he know? What he calls the alternation of the two tendencies only marks the losing fight of the Latinism first introduced by the Normans to hold the folkspeech in subjection. The Saxon folkspeech, like the folklife, has kept rising ever stronger after each reactionary setback. So far from betokening a linguistic pendulum that may swing back again toward Latinism, the Saxonward movement looks more like what Darwin would call a mongrel's reversion to its original type. Let us thank God for a reclaimable Aryan mongrel instead of a self-sterile hybrid! Woden's horse Sleipnir was no mule.

I call such writers as Lounsbury and Genung conservative transitionists,

because neither has recognized the purely social origin, use, and purpose of both language and literature. Not yet has one history of the English language or literature, or one rhetoric (speechcraftbook) been written in the needful light of the newest of sciences, Sociology (fellowshiplore)! That light now comes from Germany, the morningland of freedom and modern culture. It is dawning in Great Britain and America. It is overflowing the world. The rise of the folklife from the thralldom of ages is the great fact of the living epoch. And the growth of every folkspeech keeps pace with the folklife it springs from. The same holds true of our Anglo-Saxon folkspeech. To use Trench's figure, English has Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, and Dutch roots enough to spin almost any word needed, spiderlike, out of its own bowels.

Shakespeare, who should be called the Skald of Avon; Shakespeare, whose mighty art should be sonorously called skaldship (after the Icelandic *skaldskapr*), did the noble utmost for the English of his oligarchical age. But what of the Skaldship of the next Shakespeare, who will have to do with the wonderful inventions and discoveries (outfindings) that have given birth to the manifold new arts and sciences; with the mighty machinery (craftgear or workgear) and engineering (workgearcraft or gearcraft) that have made the whole world over in a century? Will he, writing ponderously, like Milton, 'for an audience fit, though few,' try to bring all these wonders home to the great folkmind, by means of such outlandish terms as are good only for precision in the technical dialects (craftspeech)? Not by long odds! He will deal with both the quick and the dead who used his mother tongue, just as Dryden so boastfully 'dealt with both the living and the dead' of alien tongues, for 'sounding words,' 'rich in second intention.' Coming English skalds will follow the masterly initiative of William Morris, whom the Icelanders called a skald because he looked the part. Thereby they will do for Mother English what German writers did to save their mother tongue from the macaronic minglemanglehood into which it had degenerated by the dawn of the eighteenth century.

It is often alleged that English is rich in synonyms; but as far as Anglo-Saxon went it was much richer. Where modern English has one word for poetry or hero, Anglo-Saxon had a dozen! All that old wealth can be won back and added to what we have. Only our popular writers must first let some philological Columbus show them how to make the egg stand on end.

In the first place, we must study the laws of English grammar as carefully as we do those of any foreign language we undertake to learn. Lounsbury misuses the word culture when he alleges that the best English has been written by men of little culture. Shakespeare happened to have the genius

to learn more about English in the university of the world than Oxford or Cambridge could have afforded him; because he knew how to study it in relation to the folklife. There he learned what ponderous rhetoricians might have warped his mind from learning. He came by a culture free from the pedantic trammels of Ben Jonson's mammoth learning; and it was the sounder therefor. This is not saying that all writers would fare as well selftaught. The point is that he mastered the anatomy (unlimblore) and surgery (woundleechcraft) of the body of English. It is hard to tell whether Shakespeare made or found the word *wealsmen* for *statesmen*, but it should be revived and imitated. Morris mastered the secrets of English wordlore as much better than Shakespeare as the manifold development of the science of language (speechlore) naturally enabled him to do. And he applied to art the principles of this science which has brought the age of Chaucer and Langland nearer to us than it was to the Elizabethans. He made his English pure enough to make the shades of Chaucer and Shakespeare envious. For every historical token goes to show that both would have been glad to do the same, had they not lacked the scientific gear and tackle that Morris had to hand at the dawn of the new Renaissance. Morris and his Icelander associate for twenty-seven years, Professor Eiríkr Magnússon of Oxford, made the study of wordlore a lifelong work and play. So did all the great Elizabethans, to the best of their ability. Only the latter could not, in an age of Latinistic culture, study English wordlore in all its Teutonic roots and branches. They who lived in the shade of Yggdrasil could not see the world-tree of life and knowledge until the early sunbeams of the great social summer broke up the fogs of alien humbug that darkened the long feudal winter of discontent.

Here is accounting for that homely sublimity of wordcraft which some criticasters of that class whom Balzac dubbed 'intellectual eunuchs' had the cheap impudence to call 'pseudo Middle English'! As Professor Magnússon writes in his preface to the new sixth volume of their 'Saga Library': 'It is a strange piece of impertinence to hint at *pseudo* Middle English scholarship in a man who, in a sense, might be said to be a living edition of all that was best in M. E. literature.'

Let us learn the working principles of his great language!

Consider this verbal equation, Art: Craft: Science: Lore.

Morris's lifework restored to the wordcraft all its former dignity as a popular synonym for art in general. Also, the first scholar who translated the German *volkslehre* by *folklore*, made *lore* bear a closer kinship to *science* than *knowledge* does. In *lore* we have an approximate equivalent of the Greek *logos*, as used in the English ending *-ology*. It equals the German

Lehre, as *craft* equals the German *Kunst*. Indeed, all sciences and arts whose names end in *-ology*, *-omy*, *-ics*, and *-ism* can be named in pure English by affixing *lore* to the right English word to denote the science and *craft* to denote the art. *Folklore* has long been a household word.* An excellent magazine of popular ornithology has been published for some years under the title *Birdlore*. Geikie used the word *earthlore* in the title of a book on geology and physiography. In common use also are *handicraft*, *woodcraft* (for huntsmanship in the woods), *witchcraft*, and *leechcraft* (the poetical name for the art of medicine). Robert Burns used *speechcraft* for the art of language (rhetoric). Sir Walter Scott used, even in prose, the noble old word *bookcraft* for literature and authorship; which, like the goodly word *shipcraft* used last by Walt Whitman, for the art of navigation, we inherited from the Anglo-Saxon, *boccraft* and *scipcraft*. *Wordcraft* (the art of using words, logic, style) has survived from the Anglo-Saxon period to occasional use nowadays. Longfellow, Morris, and others revived *songcraft* (*ars poetica*) from the Anglo-Saxon *sangcraft*, for the art of poetry. Tennyson used the old word *starcraft* for the supposed art of astrology; but *starlore* were a much better word for the science of astronomy. The Anglo-Saxon word for music and minstrelsy was *gleocraft*. This could be revived in the form *gleecraft*. On the same principle, the following words could be added to those already suggested:

Hydraulogy: waterlore		
Phenomenology: wonderlore		Symbolism: { tokencraft
Cosmology: worldlore		{ tokenlore
Meteorology: weatherlore	(cf.	{ tokens
Danish <i>veirlære</i>)		Magic: { spellcraft
Uranology: skylore		{ wondercraft
Technology: craftlore		Oölogy: egglore
Genealogy: kinlore (from Anglo-		Psychology: soullore
Saxon <i>cinelar</i>)		Dynamics: powerlore
Dendrology: treelore		Botany: plantlore
Seismology: earthquakelore		Ecclesiastics: churchlore
Spermology: { seedlore		School Polity: schoolcraft
Spermatology: }		Plutology: wealthlore
Chronology: timelore		Geometry: { metecraft
Physiognomy: mienlore (cf. Ger.		Trigonometry: }
<i>Mienelehre</i>)		Arithmetic: reckoncraft (cf. Ger.
Somatology: { bodylore		<i>Rechenkunst</i>)
Physiology: }		Algebra: tokenreckoncraft (cf. Ger.
		<i>Zeichenrechenkunst</i>)

[*POET LORE originated its name when it began in January, 1889.]

Horology: timemetelore	Statics: weightlore
Biology; all the biological sciences: lifelore	Hydrostatics: waterweightlore
Anthropology: { manlore } mankindlore	Optics: lightlore
Social Economics: folkthriftlore	Tactics: { warcraft (the art of war) } warlore (the science of war)
Ethnology: folklore	Aeronautics: airshipcraft
Sociology: fellowshiplore	Nomenclature: namelore
Economics: thriftlore	Pneumatics: gaslore
Lithology: stonelore	Aerostatics: gasweightlore
Hypnology: sleeplore	Numismatics: mintlore
Pathology: sicklore	Agriculture: { tilthlore } acrelore } acretilth
Morphology: shapelore	Lexicology: {
Aerology: airlore	Etymology: } wordlore
Craniology: skulllore	Grammar: {
Phrenology: brainlore	Linguistics: } speechlore (science of
Archeology: oldenlore	Philology: } language)
Poetics: songlore	Journalism: { newscraft } tidingscraft
Hydraulics: { waterworklore } waterworkcraft	Ichthiology: fishlore
Hygiene: { healthlore } healthcraft	Social Psychology: folksoullore
Medicine: { leechcraft } leechlore	Popular Etymology: folkwordlore
Medicines: leechdoms (O.E.)	Politics: statecraft
Symbolics: tokenlore	Ecclesiastical polity: churchcraft
	Royal Polity: kingcraft

The words *school* and *plant* came into Anglo-Saxon from the Latin, and *church* from the Greek. *Power* and *state* came into English soon after the Norman Conquest. So they are more thoroughly Anglicized than most other foreignisms. The same is true of *mien*. The compounds here made with them are at least improvements for casual usage. Let poets contrast the abstract, colorless English of the left side of each verbal equation with the concrete, vivid, vital English of the right, and judge between the goats and the sheep. It is said that every word in any language was originally a poem. Does not the present growth of poetical slang like 'give him the glad hand' and 'harnessing Niagara' betoken the need of our donridden English for more such word poems? Words any one of which can say to the old faded metaphors, as Marshal Ney replied to the arrogance of the

young nobles of the restored Bourbon court: 'But I am an ancestor; you are merely descendants.'

Corresponding adjectives and derivative nouns of agent are obtainable. One of Langland's words for a teacher, scholar, authority, was *loresman*; and we could use this and the adjectival ending *-ish* (as in *bookish*). Then we could make *Phenomenologist*: *wonderloresman*; *phenomenological*: *wonderlorish*; and so on through the whole list of sciences; also ridding ourselves thus of the monstrosities *folklorist* and *folkloristic*! The arts could be treated in the same way, affixing *-craftsman* or *-craftsman* for artist and *-craftish*, the older word for *artificial*, *technical*. The old word for *artistic* *-craftly* could be affixed to make a laudatory adjective. This would make *warcraftsman* or *warcraftsman*: *tactician*; *warcraftish*: *tactical*; and *warcraftly*: done with masterly tactics.

These living suffixes *-ish* and *-ly* could be used to derive innumerable Saxon adjectives of exquisite charm. It were more harmonious to say 'bodily and mindly' than 'bodily and mental.' The Germans use *patriotisch* and *vaterlandisch* interchangeably; just as Scandinavians use *patriotisk* and *faedrelandsk*. Likewise we could use *patriotic* and *fatherlandish*; and emulate them also in the interchangeable use of *patriot* and *fatherlander*. Such native words are the richer in 'second intention.'

In the same way take the symbolical names of our states. Our next Whitman may deem it wise to call Ohio Buckeyeland; Ohioan, Buckeyelandish; and a native of the Buckeye State, a Buckeyelander. Following out such a system he could use Hawkeyeland (Iowa), Hawkeyelandish, Hawkeyelander; Goldenland (California), Goldenlandish, Goldenlander; Lonestarland (Texas), Lonestarlandish, Lonestarlander; Bluegrassland (Kentucky), Bluegrasslandish, Bluegrasslander; Wolvereneland (Michigan), Wolverenelandish, Wolverenelander; Swingecatland (South Dakota), Swingecatlandish, Swingecatlander; Bluehenland (Delaware), Bluehenlandish, Bluehenlander; and so on. Where the state name seemed unfit for such use, as in the case of Little Rhody (Rhode Island), he could make Violetland, Violetlandish, Violetlander, using the name of the state flower.

America used to be the fosterland of nationalities. Now it is the fatherland of the composite descendants of those nationalities, and should be sung of and be written as such. I have as much right to use *bewritten* as Carlyle had to use *bepraised*. *Be-* is a living prefix freely used to make transitive verbs of intransitive, or for the sake of intensification, or both, or to make verbs of nouns, like *bespell*: enchant, and *bewonder*: wonder at, admire. *Bewrite* was in earlier use, like the German *beschreiben*: to write all about, to describe. If we revived that and made the noun *bewriting*: description,

we could affix bewriting like -graphy to English words; e.g., *earth-bewriting* (cf. German *Erdbeschreibung*): *geography*.

Formerly *ling* was affixed much more freely than it is; but we could revive *homeling* for *native*, and *comeling* for *stranger*, immigrant; as well as *timeling* for *temporizer*, *timeserver*.

Such words as *telegraphy*, *telephony*, *phonography*; *telegraph*, *telephone*, *phonograph*; *telegram* and *telepheme* are unfit for poetic use, or Whittier might have used one or two of them in his 'Cable Hymn.' We should do well to call them, Germanwise: *farwriting*, *farspeaking*, *soundwriting*; *farwriter*, *farspeaker*, *soundwriter*; *farwrit*, *farspeech*. *Farwriter* could denote either instrument or operator, as in the case of *typewriter*. A *telephonograph* could be called consistently a *farsoundwriter*. Speaking of writing reminds me that the native English word for *manuscript* is *handwrit*.

We still use the Anglo-Saxon prefixes *twi* and *thri* in *twilight*, *twibill*, *twifallow*, and *thrifallow*. These are as good, at least, as the Latin prefixes *bi* and *tri*, etc. With them we could make *twimeaning* for *ambiguous*, *ambiguity*; *twispoken*: *equivocal*; *twispokenness*: *equivocation*; *twiness*: *duality*; *twilife*: *dual life*; *twifight*: *duel*; *twiplight*: *dilemma*; and revive the Anglo-Saxon *thrines* (*trinity*, *triune*) in the form *thriness*.

Suggestions for the cultivation of these natural resources of English are not farfetched, like Professor Lounsbury's recent 'numeral-adjective' suggestion; and it is a safe wager that they will appeal more to the thinking public than such Chinese professorial gibberish.

The Latinistic suffix -able is sometimes represented by -y and -some; as in *unruly*, *unwieldy*, and *bendsome* (*flexible*). Of these we could make *burny*: *combustible*; *unwoundsomeness*: *invulnerability*. Trench suggested even *unthoroughfaresomeness* for *impenetrability*. Long words are sometimes more effective than short ones, if only they are self-explaining. The ending is sometimes represented by -worthy; as in *praiseworthy* and *markworthy* for *laudable* and *remarkable*. We might as well have *wonderworthy*: *admirable*; *wishworthy*: *desirable*; *matchworthy* and *likenworthy*: *comparable*: and we could prefix *un* to get the opposite meanings. Some future Roosevelt may denounce unwishworthy burghers, if he writes poetry.

The ending -olatriy is represented in English by -worship; as in *sunworship* for *heliolatriy*. We should likewise have *wonderworship* for *thaumatolatriy*, and *tokenworship* for *symbololatriy*.

One of our greatest lacks in English to-day is a synonym for *hero*. *Heleth* (from the Anglo-Saxon *haeleth*: German *Held*: Danish *Helt*) was the old English word for hero, which was used in poetry as late, at least, as Drayton's

Polyolbion. To revive so noble a word is no more than Milton would have done had his culture been Teutonic instead of Latinistic and Hellenistic; and it would be far more endearing than his farfetched alienisms. Milton wrote with all the dignity of ponderosity. The next Milton may write with a *native* dignity that would have been more befitting the afterborn Wonder-child of the great Elizabethan age! With *heleth* we could make *helethsong*: epic poem or poetry; *helethship*: heroism; *helethdom*: heroarchy; *helethly*: heroic; *helethname*: eponym; *helethsaga*: *epos*; and many other compounds.

The endings *-archy* and *-ocracy* are often represented by *-dom* as in *kingdom*, *earldom*, *lorddom*, etc. So we could have *Goddom*: *Thearchy*; *folkdome*: *democracy* (cf. German *Volksthum*); and by normalizing *halidom* to *holidom* we should get one word for *hierarchy*, *sacred things*, etc. Then the present intellectual hierarchy, which accounts for the donriddenness of English, could be called more fitly and intelligibly a *loreholidom*. But a theocracy, like that of John Calvin at Geneva, should be called a *priestdom* (::German *Priesterthum*).

Let no sound and fury of 'alienistic' ponderosity daunt the freethinking intelligence of him who understands the time-hallowed genius of his mother-tongue!

When the word *ghost* is used, as in Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' and in the phrases 'Holy Ghost' and 'give up the ghost,' and the old 'local ghost' (*genius loci*) we have as good a word as the Germans have in *Geist* to render the Latin *genius*, *spiritus*, and *anima*. So we could revive *ghost* in the sense of *anim humana*, and make *worldghost*: *anima mundi*; *timeghost*: *spirit of the time* (cf. German *Zeitgeist*); and *steadghost*: *genius loci*.

Stead in the general sense of *place* was freely used in Elizabethan poetry, and still survives in *steady*, *steadfast*, *in one's stead*, *instead*, *homestead*, *farmstead*, *roadstead*, *bedstead*, and rarely *sunstead* (::solstice). From *stead* we could get *steadholder*: *lieutenant*, *deputy*, *viceroy*, etc. (cf. Dutch *Stadholder*: German *Statthalter*; Danish *Stedholder*); *steadman*: *substitute*; *workstead*: *laboratory*; *craftstead*: *manufactory*. Recent writers on Scandinavian history and geography have made *cheapstead*: *market-place*, and *peacestead*: *place where the right of sanctuary is observed*. Also consider *gamestead*: *gymnasium*, *athletic field*; *herdstead*: *ranch*; *birdstead*: *aviary*; *healthstead*: *sanitarium or sanatorium*; *bathstead*: *bathing-beach or watering place*; *sickstead*: *hospital*: *sickhouse* (cf. Danish *Sygehus*); *sleepstead*: *dormitory*; *folkstead*: *public place*; *lorestead*: *institution of learning, museum and place of study*.

The word *gear* means *apparatus*, *equipment*, *accouterments*, the working parts of a mechanism, etc. So we could make *craftgear* and *workgear*:

machinery, enginery, machine, engine; *workgearcraft* and *gearcraft* (as opposed to *handicraft*): engineering (the art of building and using engines and machines). Morris, Longfellow, and others have used *warcraft*: the art of war, and *wargear*: apparatus of war. Then *warcraftgear*: artillery, ordnance, enginery, etc.; and *wargearcraft*: military engineering. *Metegear* (cf. *metestick*, *meteyard*, etc.): measuring apparatus; *loregear*: scientific apparatus; *leechgear*: medical apparatus; *woundleechgear*: surgical apparatus; and *tonecraftgear*: musical instruments.

It is not generally realized how many living affixes we have, which are freely used to form innumerable words. Take *be-*, *fore-*, *in-*, *un-*, *mis-*, *over-*, *under-*, *out-*, *by-*, *mid-*; and *-ness*, *-ship*, *-dom*, *-hood*, *-wise*, *-er*. There is in the dialect of mathematics a proposition called *belinkedness*, which would make a good vernacular word for concatenation; then *belink*: concatenate. Likewise *benought*: annul, annihilate; *betithe*: decimate; *belight*: illuminate (used by Cowley, like German *beleuchten*). *Underhint*: insinuate, insinuation, innuendo; *underthreat*: covert or veiled threat. *Foreworldly* primeval; *headmanship*: chieftaincy; *inshape*: imagine; *unlaw*: anarchy; *mismatch*: misalliance; *misshape*: deformity; *overgo*: surpass, etc.; *bytime*: leisure. But here I will forego the myriad other suggestions I could offer along the foregoing and other lines, in the reasonable hope that others may choose to amplify, and make poetic English grow and bloom like a green bay-tree, instead of accumulate like a crystal.

The Literary Review

There are a great many interesting letters in a publisher's mail. With the possible exception of the theatrical manager he probably meets, in person or by letter, more human novelties than anyone else. The following is a rather good example of the importance many authors place on that insignificant feature, the plot:

‘I am sending you a manuscript of one of my books, which I started to set up in type myself; but finished the rest with the typewriter. If it is going to cost me too much to give my books to the world, I will have to buy a larger printing outfit, and print them myself. I know that God is not going to put up with the world as it is, much longer, so I wish to do all I can to bring men to think.

Hoping that you will find it to your advantage to put it through, I send it to you as it is: though it lacks the plot: but I can write, and send that as soon as it is wanted.”

Those of our younger poets who have been disappointed at the reception accorded their published work by the great American public may be interested in the following quotations from Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's preface to his latest volume, *The Comfort of the Hills*.

“In the year 1882 I printed the first of six small volumes of verse. The editions of each were limited to 200 or 300 copies, with an average sale of about fifty copies. Having generously given away the rest, I am amused to find that these volumes are now sought for by the collector of first editions, and are occasionally bringing absurd prices.

“This present collection is the only one I have not paid for outright, and is a venture of my publishers which speaks well for their courage.

“The three poems at the beginning of this volume lay for many years in my portfolios. “The Comfort of the Hills” is now publicly printed for the first time. The two odes have appeared in the *Century Magazine*; “On a Lycian Tomb” was first printed in the selection of my poems published at my expense by Macmillan in London.

“This volume had a still more brilliant success than its predecessors in America. In all, eighteen copies sold in the first year, and, so far as I know, none since. Two years later I was asked to say what was to be done with the remaining volumes. Unfortunately, the English publishers had placed in them a statement that the book was copyrighted in America. This was true only as to a part of its contents, but it absolutely prevented the exportation to this country. Accordingly, I desired Mr. Macmillan to burn the rest of the volumes or to consign them afresh to the paper mill to serve for reincarnation of the poems in some more fortunate form. I asked also that fifty bound copies be sent to America. They were promptly stopped in the New York Custom House. A book said to be copyrighted in America the law forbids to enter. I asked what should be done with them. Might I buy

them? I could not. I believe it was finally concluded to cremate them. This history of the freaks of the copyright and the adventures of a book may not be without interest."

Mr. Roosevelt was not the only one to spend 1909 *In the African Jungle*. The Golliwogg was there also. Miss Bertha Upton tells us of his adventures in verse and Miss Florence K. Upton has pictured these as effectively as Kermit has photographed his intrepid parent. This is the fourteenth Golliwogg book and is well up to the standard set by the others. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*, \$1.50)

Robert Underwood Johnson has just issued the third edition of his poems under the title of *Saint-Gaudens: An Ode^m and Other Verse*. This plan of keeping all of one's work in a single volume seems a good one. The book is divided into 1. The Winter Hour and Other Poems. 2. Songs of Liberty and Other Poems, both of which are still obtainable in separate volumes. 3. Italian Rhapsody and Other Poems. 4. Moments of Italy and Other Poems. (*The Century Co.*, \$1.20.)

The Inspiration of Poetry, by George Edward Woodbury, is a collection of eight lectures on poetic energy delivered before the Lowell Institute during 1906. The papers are *Poetic Madness*, *Marlowe*, *Camaens*, *Byron*, *Gray*, *Tasso*, *Lucretius* and *Inspiration*. (*The Macmillan Co.*, \$1.25 net.)

Allison's Lad and Other Martial Interludes, by Beulah Marie Dix, is a collection of six one-act plays. They are perfectly practicable for per-

formance by clever amateurs; at the same time they make decidedly interesting reading. They comprise six stirring war episodes. Five of them occur at night, and most of them in the dread pause before some mighty conflict. The author has most ingeniously managed to give the feeling of big events though employing but few players. The emotional grip is strong, often tragic. (*New York: Henry Holt & Co.*, \$1.35 net.)

Poems, by Percy MacKaye, is divided into two parts, the first to Poems Chiefly Occasional; the second to Poems Lyrical and Descriptive. The work as a whole is excellently done. (*The Macmillan Co.*, \$1.25 net.)

Longfellow's Country, by Helen A. Clarke, is an attractive book whose text and illustrations alike give the reader a glimpse into those scenes which were the inspiration of the great poet's verses. He loved the sea and the old, old scenes and has breathed their spirit into song to bless the ages. A charming book for a gift. (*Baker & Taylor Co.*, \$2.50 net.)

The Theory of the Theatre and Other Principles of Dramatic Criticism, by Clayton Hamilton, is divided into two sections: *The Theory of the Theatre*, What is a Play? The Psychology of Theatre Audiences. The Actor and the Dramatist.—Stage Conventions in Modern Times.—Economy of Attention in Theatrical Performances.—Emphasis in the Drama.—The Four Leading Types of Drama: Tragedy and Melodrama; Comedy and Farce.—The Modern Social Drama. The other Principles are The Public and the Dramatist.—Dramatic Art and the Theatre

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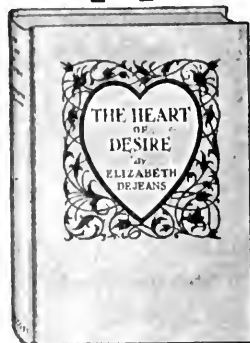
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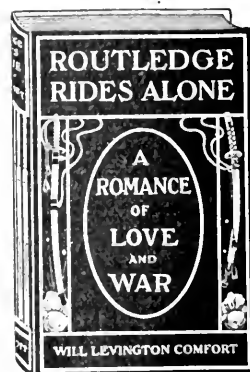
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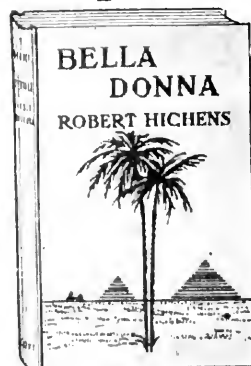
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J. B. Lippincott Company issued in March an interesting study of "*The Mystery of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*," by Robert Russell Benedict. It is an essay designed to set down plainly and briefly the enigmatical phase of Hamlet's character which has come to be recognized as his "mystery," and it offers some suggestions toward its solution. (\$1.00 net.)

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most sanctuary of a woman's soul—a revelation of the truth that to a woman there may be a greater thing than the love of a man. The plot is intensely dramatic and appealing, is handled with splendid skill, and will touch the sympathy and arouse the instant interest of every reader. (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*, \$1.50.)

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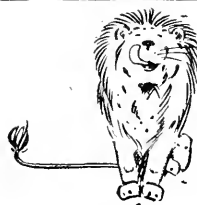
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